SUPERMAN
No. 70
MARCH...TEN CENTS
A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION
DC
ACTION
COMICS

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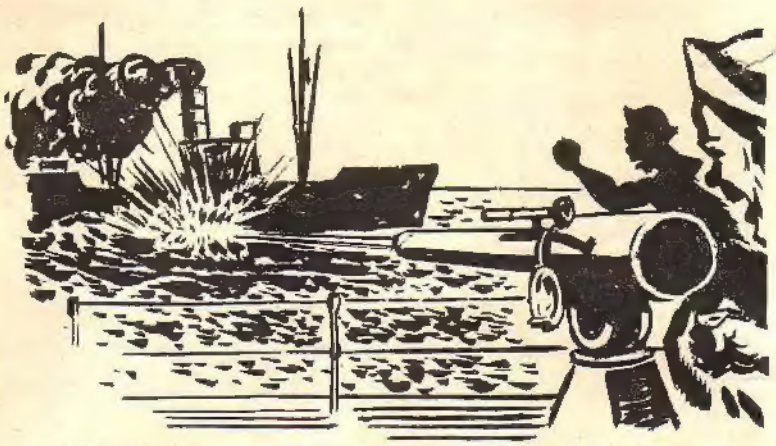
*Because the War Production Board has ordered a reduction in the use of paper, MORE FUN and ADVENTURE will be published bi-monthly; ALL-FLASH, ALL-STAR COMICS, WONDER WOMAN and MUTT & JEFF will become quarterlies; ALL-AMERICAN COMICS will be published only eight times a year, and PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE only twice a year for the duration.

GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING

reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK,
Director of Children's Reading,
CHILD STUDY ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

SUBMARINE SAILOR

By Gregor Felsen



Under cover of darkness a sleek American submarine slipped from her Australian base and turned her nose toward Tokyo. She was sailing under sealed orders on a secret mission in perilous enemy waters —to the very shores of Japan.

Her young commander, Lt. Cleve Hawkins, would need all his skill and courage to carry out his mission—to meet a secret agent at sea, to place him ashore on Japan's coast, and to bring him safely home again with vital information. It was a daring plan and it was to cost heavily in bloodshed and death for many of the gallant submarine crew.

Fighting with all she had—torpedos, deck guns, speed and strength—the submarine took a heavy toll of enemy destroyers which hunted her. What happened when she ran out of oil, and commandeered a Japanese oil tanker, makes an exciting and blood-chilling climax.

If you want a true picture of life and death and courage in the cramped undersea quarters of this most deadly of America's fighters, ask for this new book at your library.

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SUPERMAN
by JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER
METROPOLIS IS DISMAYED WHEN SUPERMAN GOES VACATIONING IN THE MIDST OF A FURIOUS BATTLE AGAINST THE THINKER, MASTER STRATEGIST OF THE UNDERWORLD--, AND SHOCKED WHEN THE MILD-MANNERED CLARK KENT PROPOSES TO CARRY ON THE FIGHT IN THE ABSENCE OF THE MIGHTY MAN OF TOMORROW! AND AS LOIS LANE ALTERNATELY SCOFFS AND MARVELS, CLARK FINDS THE HARDEST PART OF HIS JOB NOT IN OUTWITTING THE SLYEST ROGUE OF THEM ALL, BUT IN DEVISING A STRATEGY OF HIS OWN THAT WILL GET RESULTS AND STILL CONCEAL THE SECRET OF HIS DUAL IDENTITY WHILE . . .
"SUPERMAN TAKES A HOLIDAY!"

CLOCKWORK PRECISION MARKS ONE OF THE MOST CAREFULLY PLANNED BANK ROBBERIES IN THE ARCHIVES OF CRIMINAL HISTORY . . .
GET 'EM UP AN' KEEP 'EM UP!
AN' GET SOME DOUGH, UP, TOO!
Y-YES, SIR!
POLICE, RESPONDING TO THE ALARM, ARE MET BY A HAIL OF BULLETS FROM BEHIND STEEL BARRICADES . . .
LOOK OUT!
KEEP UP DA GOOD WOIK, JOE!
SUDDENLY A VIVID CRIMSON-AND-BLUE FIGURE STREAKS DOWNWARD FROM AMONG THE SPIRES OF SKYSCRAPERS . . .
THEY SEEM TO KNOW ME
SUPERMAN!!
HALF A BLOCK AWAY, THE CUNNING GENERALSHIP OF THE THINKER--A GANG CHIEFTAIN WHOSE NAME HAS BECOME LEGENDARY IN UNDERWORLD CIRCLES--DIRECTS THE RAID . . .
NICE GOING, MEN! NOW PILE IN THE TRUCK AND MAKE SURE NO ONE FOLLOWS YOU TO THE HIDEOUT.
WITH A SINGLE MIGHTY WRENCH, THE MAN OF STEEL DECAPITATES THE ARMORED TRUCK . . .
LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?
I--I HATE TA T'INK ABOUT IT!
WONDER WHY CROOKS INSIST ON WASTING BULLETS ON ME WHEN THEY KNOW I'M SHED THEM LIKE WATER?
2

A MOMENT LATER...
I GUESS EVERYBODY'S GETTING A KICK OUT OF IT-- BUT NOT IN THE SAME PLACE!
KEEP 'EM FLYING, SUPERMAN-- WE LOVE IT!
BEFORE THE THINKER CAN DEPART FOR OTHER SCENES...
I THINK WE'D BETTER GET MOVING, HERMANN... HUH?...
I THINK YOU'LL DO YOUR FUTURE THINKING IN A PRISON CELL, THINKER!
THE MASTER CRIMINAL PRESSES THE BUTTON OF A RADIO CONTROL UNIT...
THINK AGAIN, SUPERMAN! I PRESS THIS BUTTON, AND AN ANGEL DROPS OUT OF THE SKY--OR IS IT YOUR GIRL FRIEND, LOIS LANE?
WHA-?
HIGH OVER THE CITY, A HELPLESS GIRL PLUMMETS EARTHWARD AS THE RADIO SIGNAL RELEASES A CATCH BENEATH A DRIFTING BALLOON.
HELP!
A DIRTY TRICK, THINKER-- AND IT WILL COST YOU EXTRA WHEN I FINALLY PUT YOU AWAY!
HO,HO! WE'LL BOTH BE TOO OLD TO CARE BY THAT TIME!
YOU CERTAINLY DO GET AROUND, MISS LANE!
SUPERMAN! I THOUGHT I WAS DONE FOR THIS TIME.
THE THINKER KIDNAPED ME ON MY WAY TO THE OFFICE AN HOUR AGO, AND TIED ME BENEATH THAT BALLOON!
ONE MORE OF HIS MANY SUCCESSFUL SCHEMES TO MAKE A GET-AWAY IN CASE I CORNERED HIM!
3

("-- THE THINKER IS THE TOUGHEST PROBLEM I'VE EVER TACKLED! NO TELLING HOW MUCH TROUBLE HE'LL CAUSE BEFORE I FINALLY OUTWIT HIM-- UNLESS I DEVISE A NEW STRATEGY!--")
HE'S TOO SMART FOR ME! I'M GOING TO TAKE A VACATION AND SEE IF REST WILL SHARPEN MY WITS!
BUT YOU CAN'T QUIT NOW, WHEN THE CRIME WAVE IS AT ITS PEAK! WHO WOULD TAKE YOUR PLACE?
THERE ARE SEVERAL GOOD MEN WHO COULD CARRY ON FOR ME... CLARK KENT, FOR INSTANCE!
YOU'RE KIDDING!
LATER, IN THE NEWS-ROOM OF THE DAILY PLANET...
THIS IS ONE STORY I HATE TO WRITE, CLARK! WITH SUPERMAN ON A VACATION, WHO'S GOING TO KEEP THE THINKER IN CHECK-- AND LOOK AFTER ME?
YOU NEEDN'T WORRY.. SUPERMAN AND I HAD A LONG TALK BEFORE HE LEFT TOWN...
I'LL TAKE CARE OF ANY TROUBLE THAT ARISES!
THAT JOKE SEEMED FUNNY WHEN SUPERMAN PULLED IT A WHILE AGO-- BUT IT HAS LOST ITS BLOOM!
TRUE TO HIS WORD, SUPERMAN RETIRES TO A CABIN IN THE HILLS NEAR METROPOLIS...
WHY DON'T YOU BOYS GO BACK TO TOWN? YOU'RE SCARING THE FISH?
WE'VE GOT STRICT ORDERS FROM THE CITY EDITOR TO WRITE UP EVERYTHING YOU DO!
MAKE A NOTE OF THIS: I'M GOING TO TAKE A NAP, AND DON'T WANT TO BE DISTURBED!
MIND IF I JOIN YOU IN A DREAM?
4

IN THE THINKER'S HIDEOUT...
WIT'OUT HIM SPOILIN' OUR PLANS, WE OUGHTTA GET RICH!
AT LEAST, SUPERMAN IS INTELLIGENT ENOUGH TO RECOGNIZE A SUPERIOR MIND--AND AVOID IT!
DAILY O PLANET
OUTWITTED BY THINKER
SUPERMAN TAKES HOLIDAY
NOW TO THINK UP THE CLEVEREST CRIME OF MY CAREER... LET ME THINK...
SH-H-H! DON'T DISTOIB HIM!
ME DISTOIB A GENIUS? DON'T BE SILLY!
NEXT DAY, A MYSTERIOUS FIRE BREAKS OUT IN A ROW OF HOUSES ADJOINING THE METROPOLIS MUSEUM OF ART...
CLANG! CLANK! CLANG!
WITHIN THE MUSEUM, THREE VISITORS CEASE PRETENDING TO BE CONNOISSEURS OF OLD MASTERS...
OFF WIT' YER UNIFORM, SAP! WE'RE TRADIN' CLOTHES!
WHA--? A HOLD-UP!
YA HOID, HIM!
IMAGINE A PITCHER LIKE DIS BEIN WOITH A QUARTER-MILLION SMACKERS!
AN WE JUST WALK OUT WIT' IT--AN' DA COPS T'INK WE'RE GUARDS, LUGGIN' DEM OUT SO DA FIRE WON'T BOIN 'EM!
GUARD
5
IN HIS VACATION RETREAT, THE SUPERSENSITIVE EARS OF THE MAN OF TOMORROW TUNE IN ON A POLICE BROADCAST...
MYSTERIOUS FIRE THREATENS OLD MASTERS IN MUSEUM OF ART! ALL CARS PROCEED TO TO SCENE TO KEEP ORDER!
("--MAYBE I'M OVER-SUSPICIOUS, BUT THAT SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING THE THINKER MIGHT HAVE DREAMED UP!--")
SWIFTER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW, HE LEAVES THE HAMMOCK AND PRODUCES A DUMMY OF HIMSELF...
("--THE DUMMY WILL TAKE MY PLACE WHILE I PUT ON THESE CLOTHES!--")

THE NEXT SECOND...
("-- SUPERMAN WILL KEEP HIS WORD ABOUT TAKING A VACATION -- BUT CLARK KENT WILL BE VERY MUCH ON THE JOB!--")
PRESENTLY...
CLARK KENT! NOW'S YOUR CHANCE TO TAKE OVER FOR SUPERMAN!
YOU THINK I WON'T? ("-- BUT HOW, WITHOUT LETTING ANY-ONE SUSPECT THE SECRET OF MY TRUE IDENTITY? HMM-- THAT LADDER--")
HEY-- COME BACK HERE!
SURE--AFTER YOU SWING THE TOP OF THIS LADDER SO I CAN REACH THAT BIG WATER TANK ON THE WAREHOUSE!
CLARK! DON'T BE A FOOL!
("-SUPERMAN WOULD LIFT THE TANK AND POUR THE WATER OVER THE FLAMES!--")
TONS OF WATER BURST FROM THE HUGE TANK-- AND THE FIRE BELOW IS DROWNED IN A BURST OF STEAM!
HE'S DONE IT!
THE FIRE'S OUT!
BUT HE'LL BE WASHED OFF THE TOP OF THE LADDER!
("-UNFORTUNATELY, CLARK KENT HAS TO DO EVERYTHING THE HARD WAY--AND GET SOAKED!--")
6

CLARK'S TELESCOPIC X-RAY EYES SPY THE THINKER AND HIS HIRELINGS . . .
("--THE THINKER--AND HIS GANGSTERS, DRESSED AS GUARDS, ARE STEALING PRICELESS PAINTINGS! I'LL HAVE TO PRETEND TO FALL!--")
OH-H-H! HE'LL BE KILLED! POOR CLARK!
I WARNED HIM!
("--I CAN LEAP FROM HERE TO INTERCEPT THE CROOKS, AND THEY'LL THINK I WAS CATAPULTED BY THE TREE SNAPPING UPRIGHT AGAIN!--")
THE NEXT INSTANT . . .
WHA--?
IT'S THAT FRESH REPORTER, CLARK KENT! LET'S PLUG HIM!
SINCE THE FIRE'S OUT, THERE'S NO NEED TO CARRY THOSE PICTURES ANY FARTHER!
THAT CRAZY REPORTER HAS SPOILED EVERYTHING! GET MOVING, HERMANN--FAST!
BE THANKFUL I'M NOT USING THE OTHER END OF THE AX ON YOU!
OOOOFF!
CLARK HAS GONE MAD!
HE OUGHT TO DO IT MORE OFTEN!
ALL RIGHT, OFFICER--THESE THREE OLD MASTERS IN CRIME ARE READY FOR HANGING IN THE ROGUES' GALLERY!
7

CLARK, YOU'RE WONDERFUL!
ARE YOU JUST FINDING THAT OUT? ("-- TOO BAD I WASN'T WONDERFUL ENOUGH TO GRAB THE THINKER, TOO -- BUT IF I CHASE HIM NOW, I'LL GIVE MYSELF AWAY!--")
EXCUSE ME, LOIS.. I'VE GOT TO CHANGE THESE WET CLOTHES BEFORE I GET A CHILL!
ONE MINUTE YOU'RE TOUGH AS SUPERMAN, AND THE NEXT YOU'RE WORRYING ABOUT A LITTLE WATER! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND YOU!
LATER...
HUH?... CAN'T A FELLOW GET A BADLY NEEDED REST?
WAKE UP! I JUST CALLED MY PAPER, AND FOUND OUT THE THINKER TRIED TO ROB THE MUSEUM OF PAINTINGS WORTH MILLIONS!
CLARK KENT OF THE DAILY PLANET BROKE UP HIS SCHEME! ARE YOU GOING TO LET HIM SUCCEED WHERE YOU FAILED?
WHY NOT? CLARK IS A NICE FELLOW!... HO, HUM-- I'M GOING TO FINISH MY NAP!
THE PRIDE OF AN EGOTISTICAL CRIMINAL IS BRUISED...
IT'S INSUFFERABLE THAT I, WHO HAVE OUTWITTED SUPERMAN SHOULD BE DEFEATED BY A COMMON REPORTER! I'LL THINK OF A WAY TO GET EVEN!
SO IT IS THAT LOIS RECEIVES A PHONE CALL...
NO, MR. KENT ISN'T IN JUST NOW... MAY I TAKE A MESSAGE?... WHAT! THE THINKER!?!
8
THE GIRL SEEKS OUT SUPERMAN WITH ALL POSSIBLE HASTE...
SUPERMAN -- THE THINKER WANTS TO GIVE CLARK KENT AN INTERVIEW!
ISN'T THAT NICE?

KNOWING HOW CAPABLE CLARK IS, I'LL LOOK FORWARD TO READING ABOUT IT!
BUT IT MAY BE A TRAP! AND BY FOLLOWING CLARK, YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO CATCH THE THINKER!
MISS LANE, I SAID I WAS GOING TO TAKE A HOLIDAY, AND I AM! IF YOU WANT TO KNOW THE REASON, LOOK BEHIND YOU!
AT WHAT?
THE SCENERY... LOVELY, ISN'T IT?
I SUPPOSE IT IS, BUT--
BUT YOU CAN HAVE SCENERY ANY TIME --WHILE THIS IS A CHANCE IN A MILLION TO GRAB THE THINKER!
("--HERE'S WHERE VENTRILOQUISM COMES IN HANDY!--")
I STILL THINK CLARK CAN HANDLE IT!
OF COURSE I CAN!
CLARK! I HAD NO IDEA YOU WERE HERE!
OH, CLARK HAS BEEN SPENDING A LOT OF TIME WITH ME!
AS LOIS DRIVES BACK TO METROPOLIS WITH CLARK...
NO USE ARGUING! EITHER YOU TAKE ME ALONG, OR I WON'T TELL YOU HOW TO CONTACT THE THINKER!
BUT, LOIS-- OH, WELL, IF YOU'VE MADE UP YOUR MIND, I DON'T SUPPOSE I CAN CHANGE IT!
ON A DESERTED WHARF IN THE HARBOR...
THIS IS WHERE HE SAID HIS MEN WOULD MEET YOU!
AND HERE THEY ARE!
ARE YOU CLARK KENT?
9

WOULDN'T YOU RATHER THE YOUNG LADY DIDN'T ACCOMPANY US?
NAW! SINCE SHE'S DIS FAR, SHE'D BETTER COME DA REST O' DA WAY!
YOU SEE, CLARK?
IT'S HER OWN FUNERAL, ANYHOW!
FUNERAL?
HA, HA! JUST HIS IDEA OF A JOKE-- I TRUST!
ROUNDING A SCREEN OF ROCKS, THE BOAT ENTERS A CAVERN IN A LONELY POINT OF LAND...
SO THIS IS THE THINKER'S HIDEOUT!
YEAH-- BUT YA WON'T PRINT NUTTIN' ABOUT IT!
LOOK OUT, CLARK-- HE'S DRAWING A GUN!
AT PISTOL POINT, CLARK AND LOIS ARE HERDED UP A TWISTING STONE STAIRWAY...
OPEN IT, KENT-- WE'RE EXPECTED!
IF ONLY SUPERMAN WERE HERE
SORRY YOU CAME?
THE THINKER!
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE GUNS? I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO GIVE ME AN INTERVIEW!
QUITE RIGHT! I WISH TO MAKE A STATEMENT OF MY POLICY, WHICH I AM SURE WILL INTEREST YOU...
THAT POLICY IS TO DESTROY ALL WHO INTERFERE WITH MY OPERATIONS -- INCLUDING SUPERMAN IF HE EVER RETURNS! AND SINCE YOU HAVE INTERFERED, KENT--
YOU MEAN, YOU LURED ME HERE TO KILL ME?
CLARK DROPS BENEATH A COWARDLY BLOW...
MY, HE'S BRIGHT-- WASN'T HE?
OH-H-H!
TAKE THEM BACK TO THE CAVE, CHAIN THEM TO ROCKS-- AND DROWN THEM!
10

BUT CLARK HAS ONLY PRETENDED TO BE UNCONSCIOUS--AND AS THE WOULD-BE KILLER DRAGS HIM DOWN THE STAIRWAY...
("--THIS IS WHERE I TAKE OVER!--")
HUH?.. UH-H-H...
IN THE CAVERN...
DIS ONE'S ALL SET FOR DUNKIN'! HOW YA MAKIN' OUT, PETE?
OKAY!
YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!
IN YA GO, SISTER!... AAA-AA-A-A!..
AND IN YOU GO, RAT!
("--SHE'LL THINK I WAS THROWN IN, TOO--BUT MANAGED TO GET FREE AND OVERCOME THE GANGSTERS!--")
CLARK'S SUPERSTRENGHT BREAKS LOIS' CHAINS IN THE BLACK DEPTHS --AND SECONDS LATER...
CLARK! HOWEVER DID YOU DO IT?
DON'T ASK ME, LOIS... THE CHAINS MUST HAVE BEEN OLD AND RUSTY!
PRESENTLY.
COME IN, PETE AND BIG EARS! NOW THAT THOSE NOSEY REPORTERS ARE OUT OF THE WAY, I THINK--
THINK AGAIN, THINKER!

WHEN "THE THINKER" MEETS THE THINKER, THOUGHT CEASES!
CLARK! MY HERO! YOU'VE DONE IT!
LATER, AT THE HARBOR POLICE STATION...
D'YA MEAN TO SAY YE CAUGHT 'EM SINGLE HANDED KENT, WHEN EVEN SUPERMAN COULDN'T DO IT?
HE CERTAINLY DID, CAPTAIN! ISN'T IT WONDERFUL?
ANY TEN PEOPLE COULD HAVE DONE THE SAME!
NEXT DAY...
I SAW SUPERMAN LAST NIGHT--AND HE SAID HE'D USED THE POWER OF SUGGESTION TO MAKE YOU THINK YOU WERE FEARLESS! IN OTHER WORDS, YOU AREN'T REALLY!
DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF IT! SUPERMAN IS JEALOUS!
HE COULD BE, AT THAT!
(--I HATE TO DISILLUSION HER--BUT NOW THAT SUPERMAN'S HOLIDAY HAS DEFEATED THE THINKER, THROUGH HIS OWN OVERCONFIDENCE, CLARK KENT WILL HAVE TO BECOME A MEEK CITIZEN AGAIN! I'VE BRIBED TIGER TOOHEY, THE BOOTBLACK TO HELP ME!--")
SO, YA BIG STIFF--I BEEN WATCHIN' FOR YA EVER SINCE YA GIMME DAT PLUGGED DIME FOR A SHINE!
PLEASE, TIGER--DON'T HIT ME! (--SWELL JOB OF ACTING HE'S DOING FOR A DOLLAR!--)
HERE'S A DOLLAR! CAN'T WE FORGET THE WHOLE THING, TIGER?
OKAY--BUT NEXT TIME YA TRY ANY FUNNY BUSINESS, I'LL KNOCK YER BLOCK OFF!
HA, HA, HA! SUPERMAN WAS RIGHT! IMAGINE HIM BEING JEALOUS OF A TIMID SOUL LIKE YOU! HA, HA!
OH WELL--NOW, I CAN TAKE A HOLIDAY FROM HEROISM, JUST LIKE SUPERMAN!
The End
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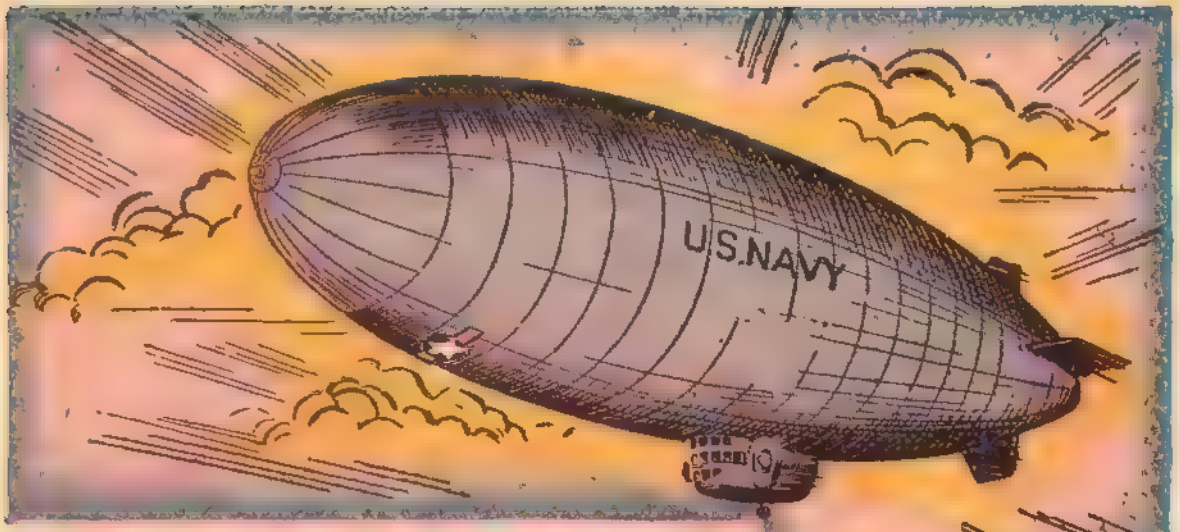

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BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

FIGHT PAPER WASTE--AND HANG ONE ON THE PAPER-HANGER OF BERLIN!
BOY, OH, BOY, ARE WE GONNA HAVE A SWELL BONFIRE!
WATCHA WAITIN' FER?
HUH?
WHOA, THERE! DON'T YOU YOUNGSTERS KNOW YOU'RE HELPING THE AXIS BY BURNING UP ALL THAT GOOD PAPER?
SUPERMAN!
GOLLY, SUPERMAN, THAT'S JUST OL' WASTE PAPER!
BUT IT'S PLENTY POWERFUL TODAY! YOU SEE, WE HAVEN'T ENOUGH MEN TO CUT THE TIMBER FROM WHICH WE GET THE PULP TO PRODUCE PAPER. WASTE PAPER IS A PULP SUBSTITUTE...
"AND PAPER IS A WAR WEAPON! IT'S USED TO MAKE ALL KINDS OF MILITARY ITEMS LIKE PARACHUTE FLARES AND BOMB BANDS... CONTAINERS FOR SHELLS AND ARMY RATIONS... AND MANY OTHER ESSENTIALS.."
EVERYBODY CAN HELP! FIRST, DON'T WASTE PAPER! TELL YOUR FOLKS TO COOPERATE, TOO, BY USING WRAPPING PAPER AND PAPER BAGS SPARINGLY.
GEE, SUPERMAN, WE DIDN'T KNOW THAT! CAN WE DO ANYTHING TO HELP?
SECOND, YOU AND THOUSANDS OF YOUNGSTERS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY CAN COLLECT WASTE PAPER -- SELL IT TO A DEALER, OR TURN IT OVER TO CHARITABLE ORGANIZATIONS LIKE THE RED CROSS, OR TO YOUR SCHOOLS
I'LL START YOU OFF ON THE RIGHT TRACK WITH THE PILE YOU HAVE HERE!
THERE! EVERYTHING NEATLY ASSORTED! NOW TIE AND DELIVER 'EM!
GOLLY! HE DID IT IN TWO SECONDS!
THANKS, SUPERMAN! WE'LL CARRY ON FROM HERE! AND WE'LL SAVE THAT BONFIRE UNTIL AFTER THE WAR IS WON!

VIGILANTE
PRICELESS TREASURES CHANGE HANDS, AND AN ARCH-CRIMINAL GLOATS IN HIS LAIR, WHEN CENTURIES-OLD ART BECOMES THE TARGET OF INSATIABLE GREED! BUT ONCE AGAIN THE HAZARD-DEFYING VIGILANTE STRIKES FOR JUSTICE, PITTING WESTERN COURAGE AND HIS HARD BARE FISTS AGAINST WEAPONS FROM THE PAST, AS HE ANSWERS...
"A CHALLENGE from the PYRAMIDS!"
BY MORT MORTON JR.

ANTIQUE DEALER JOHN ELDER LIVES IN DREAMS OF THE PAST...
A MING DYNASTY VASE! WHEN I SHUT MY EYES I CAN HEAR TEMPLE BELLS!
BUT DOES NOT HEAR THE FOOTSTEPS BEHIND HIM...
DAT'S WOT YA GET FOR DREAMIN', PAL!
OOOH-H
COME ON! WE AIN'T GOT ALL DAY! DON'T FORGET THE MING VASE TOO!
OKAY, OKAY -- RIGHT WID YA!
THE ELDER ROBBERY IS BUT THE OPENING GUN OF A CITY-WIDE BLITZKRIEG ON ANTIQUE DEALERS!
STUBBORN, EH? I'LL SHOW YA--
LET'S GET MOVIN'!
EVENING MAIL
STRANGE CRIME WAVE FLOODS CURIO SHOPS
DOWN CHINATOWN WAY, AN ORIENTAL YOUTH SCANS HIS EVENING PAPER WITH A PERSONAL INTEREST...
STUFF, OL' KID, THIS IS SERIOUS! UNCLE CHIN'S IN THE ANTIQUE BUSINESS!
WHEN IN TROUBLE, STUFF KNOWS WHERE TO GO--TO GREG SANDERS, FAMED ON THE RADIO AS THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR!
I GOT A HUNCH THERE'S TROUBLE COMIN' UP! MY UNCLE CHIN'S IN TH' ANTIQUE BUSINESS AND--
AND YOU WANT THE VIGILANTE TO GO PROWLING... ALL RIGHT STUFF, LET'S GO!
IT'S LUCKY THAT THE VIGILANTE TAKES STUFF'S HUNCH SERIOUSLY, FOR AT THAT VERY MOMENT, IN THE HEART OF CHINATOWN...
DIS JOB OUGHTA BE A CINCH!
WE GOTTA BE CAREFUL -- THESE CHINESE ARE SLIPPERY CUSTOMERS!

NO SHOOT PLEASE LEE CHIN POOR MAN--NOTHING OF VALUE IN WORTHLESS SHOP.
JUST DIME STORE STUFF, EH, CHIN?
THIS GOLD LIZARD SURE IS HEAVY!
SUDDENLY...
YOU SURE CALLED THIS ONE, PARDNER.!
SEEMS WERE ALWAYS WALKIN' INTO TROUBLE.
IF YOU ASK ME, STUFF, WE CARRY IT WITH US!
THE VIGILANTE!
STUFF.! MY GRANDSON.!
YEEOW
OWOO
YOU OUGHTA THANK ME FOR HELPIN' YA TO SIT DOWN!
WHEN DIAMONDBACKS START SIDEWINDING THE VIG IS IN THERE SWINGING, BUT ONCE IN A BLUE MOON HE JUST STANDS OFF AND ADMIRES HIS LITTLE PAL'S TECHNIQUE.
HE LOOKS KINDA PEAKED, STUFF.
SO WILL TH' VIGILANTE-- WHEN I IRON OUT HIS SKULL FOR HIM!
THIS'LL HELP YA RELAX, COWBOY!
LOOK OUT, VIG!
AAAGH
STAY BACK, OR I'LL MAKE A SIEVE OUTTA YA!
THEY'RE MAKIN' A GETAWAY WITH ALL THE ANTIQUES, IF IT WASN'T FOR MY UNCLE CHIN, I'D RUSH HIS GAT!
3

THESE WORTHLESS HANDS SHOULD HAVE HELPED YOU, MR. VIGILANTE! BUT WORTHLESS LEGS WERE AS CHOP SUEY STICKS!
IT WAS MY FAULT, UNCLE CHIN! I WAS FACIN' IN THE WRONG DIRECTION!
WHA..?
AS THE VIGILANTE'S HEAD STOPS SPINNING ---
LOOK, VIG! I JOGGED A KEY OUTA THAT LITTLE RAT'S VEST POCKET!
HUH? HAND IT HERE, STUFF!
LOOKS LIKE A BREAK FOR US, PARDNER. THERE'S AN ADDRESS STAMPED ON IT-- 56 SOUTH WATER STREET!
MINUTES LATER, MOUNTED ON HIS MODERN STEED, THE VIGILANTE RIDES AGAIN!
ITH' WAREHOUSE DISTRICT'S AS GLOOMY AS TH' MORGUE AFTER, CLOSIN' TIME!
IT'S GLOOMY IN THE SAGE WHEN THE PRAIRIE WINDS HOWL, STUFF, BUT I SORTA LIKE IT!
THIS LOOKS LIKE OUR STATION, PARDNER! IF YOU MEET UP WITH ANY GHOSTS, WHISTLE!
IF I DO, IT'LL BE OFF KEY!
WAREHOUSE
THE CROOKS' KEY GIVES ENTRANCE TO THE WAREHOUSE--
AWWWK--
QUIET, STUFF-- IT'S ONLY A STATUE!
AND EAVESDROP ON A STRANGE CONVERSATION --
YER CHARGIN' US TOO MUCH TA FERRY THIS STUFF ACROSS TH' BAY!
NOT WHEN YOU'RE SELLIN' IT TO RICH PALOOKAS CRUISIN' AROUND IN YACHTS! MAYBE IF WE TALKED IT OVER AT THE MUSEUM--
NAW, THAT'S OUT! THE CHIEF AIN'T WAISTIN' TIME ON SEEIN' BLOKES LIKE YOU!
A MOMENT LATER--
WE'RE PAYIN' YA TWO GRAND AND NOT A CENT MORE! NOW GET BUSY AND HELP US GET THIS STUFF OUT ON THE WHARF!

GET READY TO SURPRISE 'EM, STUFF!
I'M READY NOW!
PARDON OUR NOT KNOCKING!
I'M YOUR NEW SWIMMIN' INSTRUCTOR, RAT! HOW D'YA LIKE LESSON NUMBER ONE?
YOU JUST SAID SOMETHING ABOUT A MUSEUM! I RECKON YOU COULD SAY A LOT MORE!
OUCH! I COULD, BUT I WON'T! OUCH!
SUDDENLY, WITH A SPLUTTERING ROAR, A POWER BOAT SLIPS ITS MOORINGS AND CLEAVES THE DARK WATERS OF THE BAY!
CHUT CHUT
VIG! THEY'RE MAKIN' A GETAWAY!
MAYBE I CAN STOP 'EM! HANG ON TO THE SAILOR, STUFF!
YA AIN'T RIDIN' THIS SEA-HORSE, COWBOY!
THERE'LL BE TWO OF YA IN A MINUTE, COWBOY!
YEAH, WE'RE GONNA SPLIT YA UP FROM BOW TA KEEL!
LIKE A LEAPING TUNA, THE VIGILANTE BREAKS WATER AND LASHES SIDEWAYS!
WOW! A SHAVE THAT CLOSE SHOULD LAST ME A MONTH! BETTER SWIM BACK TO THE WHARF!
5

NOW WE'LL JUST RESUME WHERE WE LEFT OFF! WHAT ABOUT THAT MUSEUM ANGLE, RAT!
ALL RIGHT, I'LL TALK! THOSE TWO MUGGS ARE LITTLE FRY! THE BIG BOSS HANGS HIS HAT AT THE FINE ARTS MUSEUM!
THE FINE ARTS MUSEUM'S AROUND THE NEXT CORNER, PARDNER!
SEEMS LIKE WE BEEN RIDIN' ALL NIGHT!
SINISTER SHADOWS CLOAK AN IVY-HUNG SIDE-ENTRANCE, BUT UNDAUNTED, STUFF AND HIS LAWMAN PAL PUSH INTO THE MUSEUM...
UH-HUH-- THE DOOR'S AJAR!
AND RUN SMACK INTO TROUBLE--IN FISTFULS!
YA BUTTED IN ONCE TOO OFTEN, COWBOY!
HUH?
THEY GOT HERE, AHEAD OF US.
FIRST THING YOU KNOW, I'LL BE LOSIN' MY TEMPER!
OWW!
GOIN' UP IN TH' WORLD, PAL?
OOFF!
MEANWHILE, IN A BLANK-WALLED OFFICE UPSTAIRS..
SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE DOWNSTAIRS! I'D BETTER ATTEND TO THIS MYSELF!

SO FAR SO GOOD, STUFF!
GOOD! IT'S PERFECT!
UGH!
WHA--?
LOOK OUT!
BONK!
QUICKLY, TIE THEM AND TAKE THEM TO THE HALL OF EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES!
IN THE HALL OF EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES, THE MASKED MENACE PREPARES A TERRIBLE END FOR HIS ADVERSARIES!
TOO BAD THE EGYPTIANS FORGOT TO OIL THE HINGES OF THIS STONE MUMMY CASE, MR. COWBOY! IT'LL GRIND SHUT SLOWLY, AND YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO REGRET YOUR MEDDLING!
FOR MONTHS PERHAPS, THIS CASE WILL STAND HERE--UNOPENED. WHO WILL SUSPECT IT HAS BEEN TAMPERED WITH? ONCE INSIDE, YOUR SHOUTS AND STRUGGLES WON'T BE HEARD! IN WITH, THEM.
GOODBYE, FOREVER!
VIG, CAN Y'HEAR ME? IT'S GETTIN' DARKER!
KEEP YOUR CHIN UP, PARDNER! IT'S LOTS TOUGHER AT THE BOTTOM OF A WELL!

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, IN THE DISMAL WAREHOUSE DISTRICT ...
THE LAST TIME WE CRUISED PAST HERE THERE WASN'T A LIGHT SHOWIN'! WHAT D'YA SUPPOSE IS GOIN' ON IN THERE, MAC?
IT WON'T TAKE US LONG TO FIND OUT!
WHO TIED YOU UP, BUDDY? COME ON, SPILL IT!
THIS IS MY CHANCE TO GET BACK AT THOSE CHISELIN' CROOKS! TH' BIG BOSS WOULDN'T SEE ME, EH? THOUGHT THEY COULD CHIP DOWN ON MY CUT--
YOU'LL FIND ALL THE ANSWERS AT THE FINE ARTS MUSEUM, COPPER!
MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE MUSEUM, SWEAT STUDS THE VIGILANTE'S FOREHEAD AS THE LIGHT DWINDLES ABOVE HIM--
READ SOMEWHERE THESE BIG STONE BOXES HAD TRICK HINGES. EGYPTIANS FIGURED THE MUMMY MIGHT GET RESTLESS, AND BALANCED THE LID SO A KICK WOULD REVERSE THE MECHANISM--
MIRACULOUSLY, IN RESPONSE TO THE VIGILANTE'S KICK, THE LID SWINGS OPEN, AND THE BOUND BUT DAUNTLESS LAWMAN PULLS HIMSELF OUT!
LUCKY THING THE EGYPTIANS WERE SUPERSTITIOUS! I FEEL LIKE A MUMMY COMIN' UP FOR AIR!
RUB YOUR WRISTS AGAINST MY SPURS, STUFF! YOU'LL BE FREE IN A JIFFY!
HUH? OH, GOLLY, IT'S VIG'S SPURS-- AN' THEY JINGLE SWEET MUSIC IN MY EARS!
YA SPURS SURE SLICED MY TYIN'S, VIG! NOW WE CAN GO PLACES!
YOU BET WE CAN, FELLA!
OH! GOSH, VIG! SOMETHING MOVED IN THERE!
8

WITH STARTLED CRIES, TWO SHADOWY FIGURES BREAK FOR COVER ---
GANGWAY!
AND ARE HOG-TIED BY THE VIGILANTE'S LARIAT!
YAAA-A
LOOKS LIKE WE BEEN ROPED IN!
THOSE STIR-CRAZY MUGGS KEEP STEPPING OUT OF LINE! THAT CRASH--MAYBE THEY'RE ROBBING AN EXHIBIT!
CRASH!
IT'S THE VIGILANTE! DON'T KNOW HOW HE FREED HIMSELF, BUT HE'LL WISH HE HADN'T!
HEY, VIG! DO SOMETHING!
AS I LIVE, THE NUMBER ONE COYOTE!
SADDLE BOOTS HAVE TOUGH SOLES, RAT!
YOU TELL 'IM; VIG!
THE VIGILANTE IS HARD TO HANDLE, BUT I'VE GOT AN ACE IN RESERVE!

AT THAT MOMENT, OUTSIDE THE MUSEUM---
STAY OUT OF THE MOONLIGHT, MAC!
RAIDING A JOINT LIKE THIS OUGHT TO BE EDUCATIONAL!
BUT THE RAID BECOMES MORE EDUCATIONAL THAN THE POLICE HAD HOPED--
STAND WHERE YOU ARE, OFFICERS. THIS ARROW IS TIPPED IN CURARE!
ULP!
CURARE!--THAT'S A DEADLY POISON!
THE VIGILANTE SWINGS INTO ACTION--
BLAM!
A MINUTE LATER..
VIGILANTE, THE FORCE OWES YOU A DEBT OF GRATITUDE!
WHAT A SOCK!
THANKS, OFFICER. NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT WE HAVE HERE!
THE RIPPED AWAY MASK REVEALS--
WHY, IT'S DR. SANDERSON! HE'S ASSISTANT CURATOR OF EGYPTOLOGY, HERE!
YES, AND I WOULD HAVE HAD A FORTUNE IN RARE OBJECTS BUT FOR THE VIGILANTE!
NEXT DAY--
CHIN VERY GLAD TO GET BACK WORTHLESS TEN THOUSAN' DOLLAR DRAGON! ALL CHINATOWN PROUD OF BIG NEPHEW, STUFF!
GEE, THANKS, UNCLE CHIN, IT'S TOO BAD THE VIGILANTE CAN'T BE HERE TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT!

"Butch ain't got de nerve to hit this new kid—not since he seen him carry home eight packages o' Wheaties."

NOT VERY SMART TO PICK A FIGHT WITH A GUY WHO KEEPS IN THE PINK OF CONDITION! AND KEEPING IN CONDITION INVOLVES EATING RIGHT. THREE SQUARE MEALS A DAY -- INCLUDING A NOURISHING BREAKFAST. MANY AN UP-AND-COMING YOUNGSTER INCLUDES WHEATIES IN THE BREAKFAST LINEUP. MIGHTY IMPORTANT NOURISHMENT IN A MAN-SIZE BOWL OF THESE SWELL-TASTING WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES! SO SQUARE OFF TO THE BREAKFAST DISH THAT'S A FAVORITE WITH MANY BIG-TIME SPORTS STARS. HAVE MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES -- "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

HEY, LOOK! SPECIAL OFFER GOOD ONLY WHILE OUR LIMITED SUPPLIES LAST. GET HANDSOME MECHANICAL PENCIL SHAPED LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL BAT -- STREAMLINE CURVED TO FIT YOUR FINGERS. SEND 10¢ AND ONE WHEATIES BOX TOP TO GENERAL MILLS, INC., DEPT. 544, MINNEAPOLIS 15, MINN. AND SEND TODAY!

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MILLS, INC.

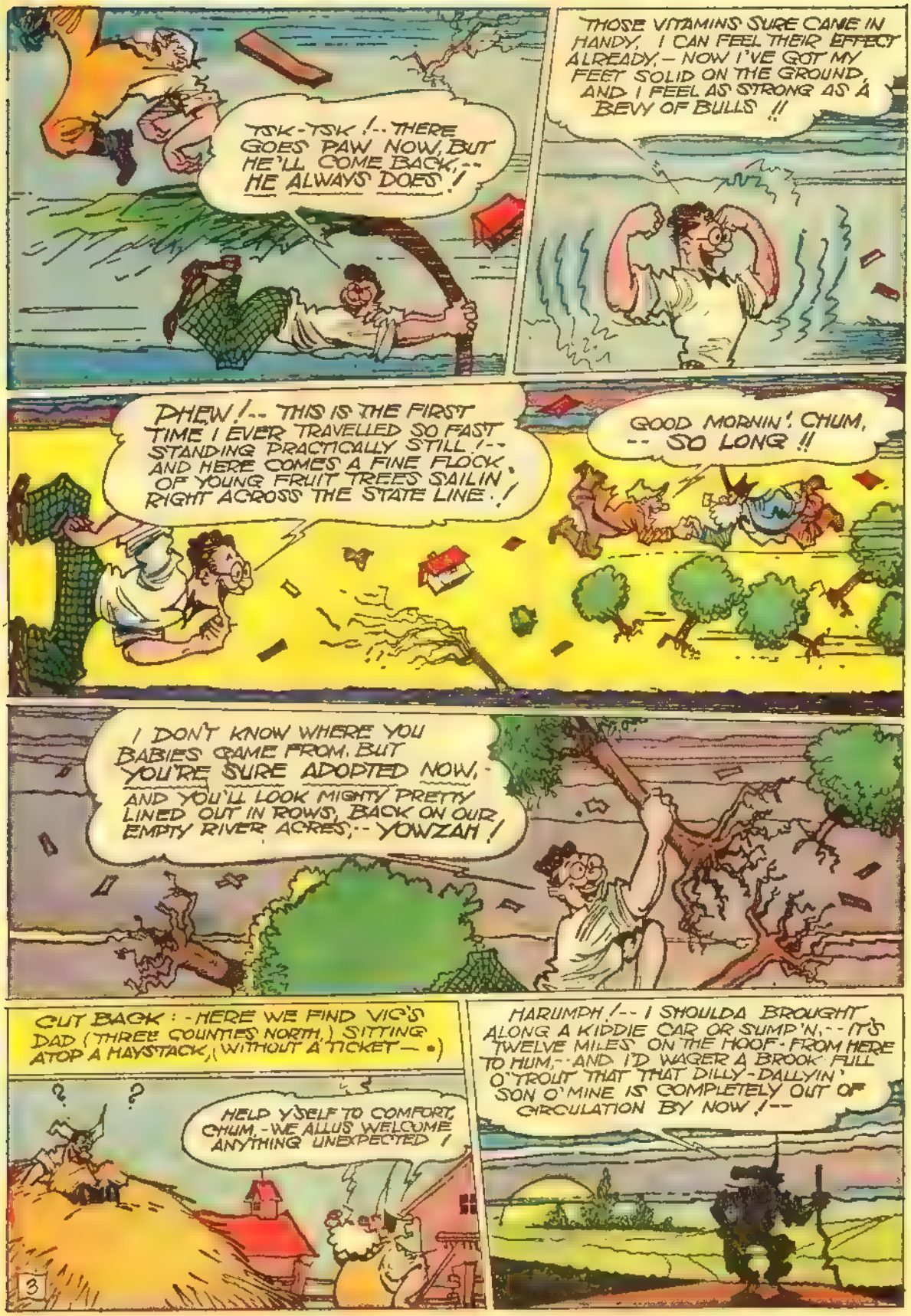
"Breakfast of Champions"

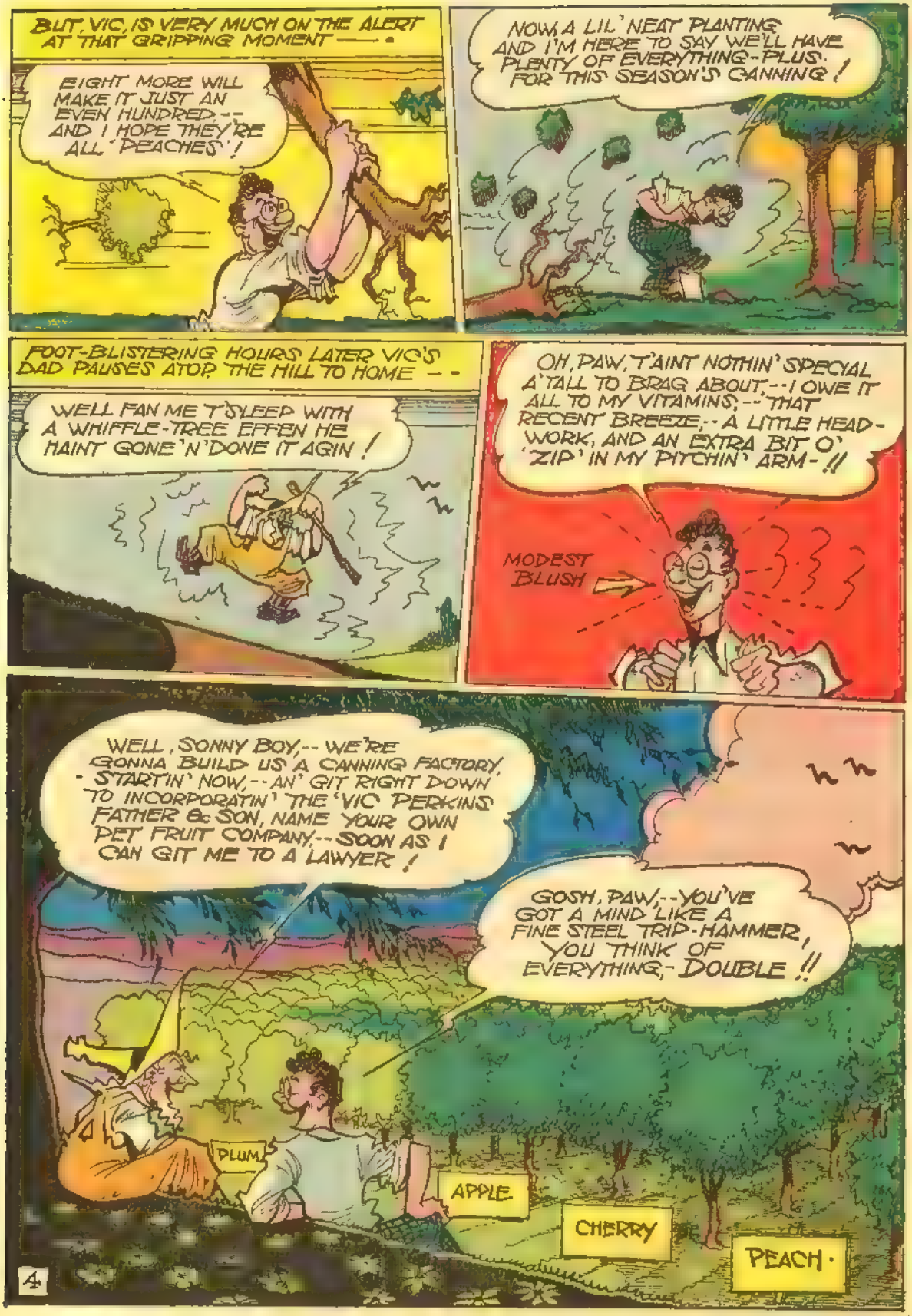
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

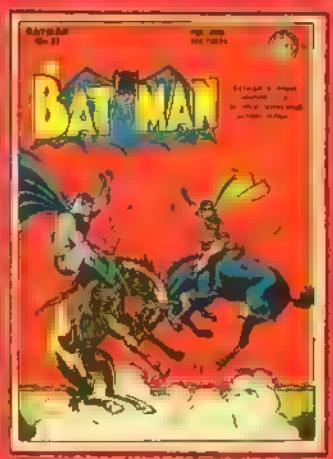
'Wheaties' and 'Breakfast of Champions' are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

VITAMIN VIC
A LITTLE HIGH VELOCITY YARN WHEREIN OUR HERO VIC [illegible] BLOWS THIS CLIP INTO A HURRICANE AND OUT AGAIN WITH VERY PROFITABLE RESULTS.
NO TELLING WHO'S HOUSE THIS WAS AN HOUR AN' PAW - BUT IT'S SURE ENOUGH OUR'S NOW.. I BETCHA!—
RIGHTO, SONNY BOY!— AN' I'M JUST A-WAITIN' FOR A GRADE A CEMENT CELLAR TO SWING BY TO FIT IT INTO WHEN WE LIGHT!
WELL SMACK ME BOW LEGGED LITTEN IT HAINT A-COMIN A MIGHTY CORN-TWISTER OUTTA TH' NORTH HILLS!
AN' WHERE AT'S THAT NO-ACCOUNT OPT SWING O'MINE VIC.? I NEED HIM PLUMB SMART RIGHT NOW TO HELP BATTEN DOWN THE MULL FARM.. HEY! YOU VIC!!

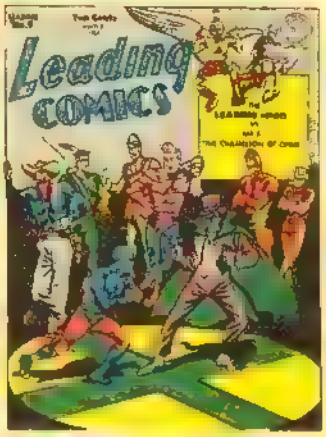
WHILE THE CYCLONE OUTSIDE IS WEAVING ITSELF INTO ALL-OUT MOMENTUM, WE HERE FIND OUR CHEMISTRY STUDENT CHUM VIC EXPERIMENTING WITH A NEW VITAMIN MIX IN HIS LABORATORY —
TSK-TSK !-- SEEMS LIKE I HEAR A MUSICAL BLEAT FROM PAW, AND IT'S SLIGHTLY TINGED WITH A NOTE OF DISTRESS -- WONDER WHAT'S COOKIN' NOW ?
I'LL TAKE A BOX OF MY FRESH-MADE VITAMIN TABLETS ALONG TOO,-- JUST IN CASE IT'S NOTHING TRIVIAL,-- I'M A-COMIN' PAW !!
TURN OUT ALL LIGHTS.
TURN 'EM ON AGAIN.
I GET IT,- KID HURRICANE'S IN ACTION AGAIN, PAW, AND YOU WANT MY 'BLOW BY BLOW' DESCRIPTION, EH ?
LEND A QUICK HAND HERE, YOU SHIFTLESS YOUNG MISTAKE, AND FASTEN DOWN EVERYTHING THAT FLAPS -- THIS 'BIG BLOW' IS ON THE LOOSE FOR NO GOOD REASON, — SO SNAP INTO IT- !!
OKEY DOKE, PAW !-- AND IF THIS IS A FAIR SAMPLE OF WHAT'S COMING, THERE'LL SURE BE SOME CHANGES MADE TO THE ARCHITECTURE 'ROUND HERE !
EXTENDED EAR DENOTING WIND VELOCITY
I'LL TAKE A HEAPIN' HANDFUL OF MY FRESH HOME-MADE VITAMINS JUST IN CASE THIS IS NO FALSE ALARM !
2

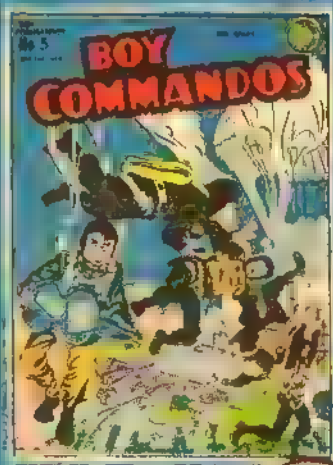

TSK-TSK!-- THERE GOES PAW NOW, BUT HE'LL COME BACK,-- HE ALWAYS DOES!
THOSE VITAMINS SURE CAME IN HANDY. I CAN FEEL THEIR EFFECT ALREADY,— NOW I'VE GOT MY FEET SOLID ON THE GROUND, AND I FEEL AS STRONG AS A BEVY OF BULLS !!
PHEW!-- THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I EVER TRAVELLED SO FAST STANDING PRACTICALLY STILL!-- AND HERE COMES A FINE FLOCK OF YOUNG FRUIT TREES SAILIN' RIGHT ACROSS THE STATE LINE.!
GOOD MORNIN'! CHUM, -- SO LONG !!
I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU BABIES CAME FROM, BUT YOU'RE SURE ADOPTED NOW,- AND YOU'LL LOOK MIGHTY PRETTY LINED OUT IN ROWS, BACK ON OUR EMPTY RIVER ACRES;-- YOWZAH!
CUT BACK:- HERE WE FIND VIC'S DAD (THREE COUNTIES NORTH,) SITTING ATOP A HAYSTACK, (WITHOUT A TICKET— •)
HELP Y'SELF TO COMFORT, CHUM,- WE ALLUS WELCOME ANYTHING UNEXPECTED!
HARUMPH!-- I SHOULDA BROUGHT ALONG A KIDDIE CAR OR SUMP'N,-- IT'S TWELVE MILES ON THE HOOF- FROM HERE TO HUM,-- AND I'D WAGER A BROOK FULL O' TROUT THAT THAT DILLY-DALLYIN' SON O' MINE IS COMPLETELY OUT OF CIRCULATION BY NOW!--
3


BUT, VIC, IS VERY MUCH ON THE ALERT AT THAT GRIPPING MOMENT ——•
EIGHT MORE WILL MAKE IT JUST AN EVEN HUNDRED-- AND I HOPE THEY'RE ALL 'PEACHES'!
NOW, A LIL' NEAT PLANTING AND I'M HERE TO SAY WE'LL HAVE PLENTY OF EVERYTHING-PLUS FOR THIS SEASON'S CANNING!
FOOT-BLISTERING HOURS LATER VIC'S DAD PAUSES ATOP THE HILL TO HOME --
WELL FAN ME T'SLEEP WITH A WHIFFLE-TREE EFFEN HE HAINT GONE 'N' DONE IT AGIN!
OH, PAW, T'AINT NOTHIN' SPECIAL A'TALL TO BRAG ABOUT,--I OWE IT ALL TO MY VITAMINS;--THAT RECENT BREEZE;--A LITTLE HEAD-WORK, AND AN EXTRA BIT O' 'ZIP' IN MY PITCHIN' ARM-!!
MODEST BLUSH
WELL, SONNY BOY,-- WE'RE GONNA BUILD US A CANNING FACTORY, STARTIN' NOW,--AN' GIT RIGHT DOWN TO INCORPORATIN' THE 'VIC PERKINS FATHER & SON, NAME YOUR OWN PET FRUIT COMPANY,--SOON AS I CAN GIT ME TO A LAWYER!
GOSH, PAW,--YOU'VE GOT A MIND LIKE A FINE STEEL TRIP-HAMMER, YOU THINK OF EVERYTHING,-DOUBLE!!
PLUM
APPLE
CHERRY
PEACH



BE SURE TO GET THESE TOP FAVORITES FOR THE BEST IN COMICS!





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NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE

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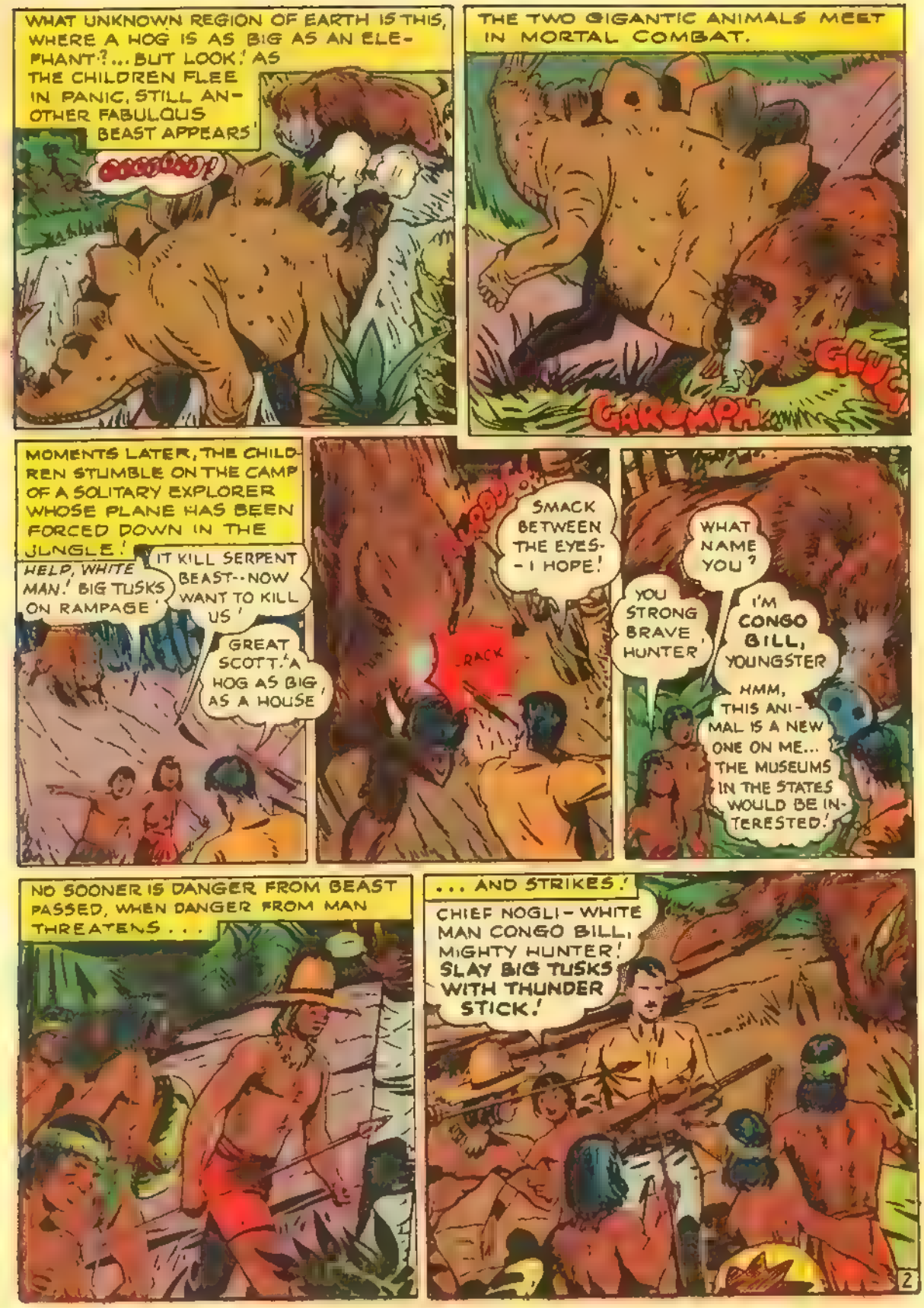
CONGO BILL
ONCE, GIGANTIC ANIMALS ROAMED THE EARTH. UNHARMED BY THE PUNY WEAPONS OF SAVAGES WHO FLED SCREAMING AT THEIR APPROACH! THE HAIRY MAMMOTH HAS FOLLOWED THE GIANT SLOTH INTO OBLIVION—BUT ARE THERE STILL UNEXPLORED JUNGLE LANDS WHERE STRANGE HOOFPRINTS STRIKE TERROR TO MAN AND BEAST? TO CONGO BILL, MASTER OF JUNGLE LORE, THE ANSWER COMES WITH TERRIFYING SUDDENNESS IN . . .
"THE FOREST PRIMEVAL!"
IN THE DEPTHS OF A TROPICAL RAIN-FOREST, SUNLIGHT SLOPES GENTLY DOWN ON TWO BROWN-SKINNED CHILDREN . . .
LOOK, LULAN, TRACKS OF BIG TUSKS!
BETTER WE GO WAY FROM HERE, MORO!
WHILE NEARBY, IN THE LONG GRASSES AT THE EDGE OF THE CLEARING...
OHHHH, MORO! I CANNOT RUN FAST, ENOUGH.
HOLD ON TO ME! MOVE, FEET!

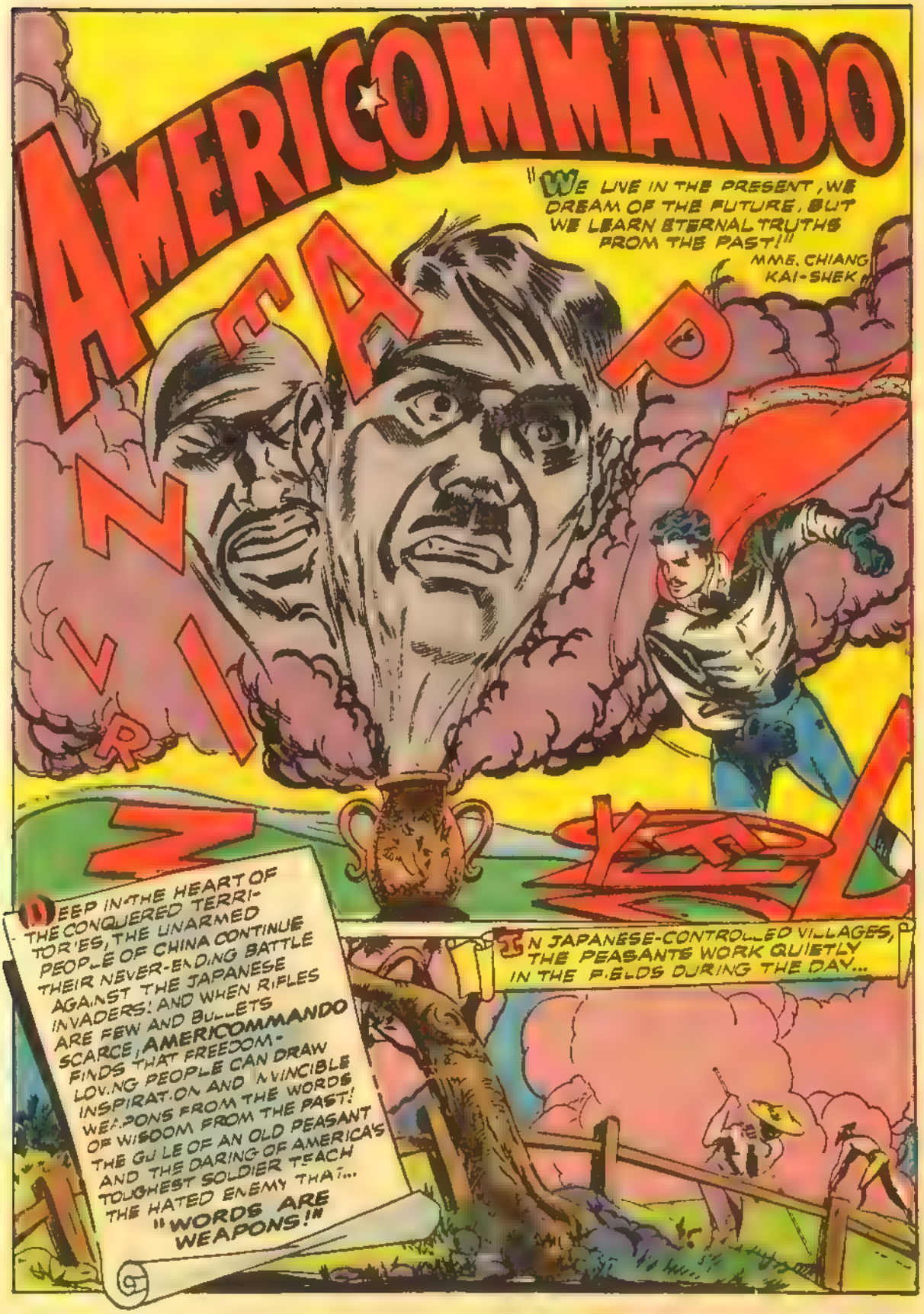

WHAT UNKNOWN REGION OF EARTH IS THIS, WHERE A HOG IS AS BIG AS AN ELEPHANT?... BUT LOOK! AS THE CHILDREN FLEE IN PANIC, STILL ANOTHER FABULOUS BEAST APPEARS!
AAAUUGH!
THE TWO GIGANTIC ANIMALS MEET IN MORTAL COMBAT.
GLUG
GARUMPH
MOMENTS LATER, THE CHILDREN STUMBLE ON THE CAMP OF A SOLITARY EXPLORER WHOSE PLANE HAS BEEN FORCED DOWN IN THE JUNGLE!
HELP, WHITE MAN! BIG TUSKS ON RAMPAGE!
IT KILL SERPENT BEAST--NOW WANT TO KILL US!
GREAT SCOTT! A HOG AS BIG AS A HOUSE!
SMACK BETWEEN THE EYES--I HOPE!
-RACK
WHAT NAME YOU?
YOU STRONG BRAVE HUNTER!
I'M CONGO BILL, YOUNGSTER
HMM, THIS ANIMAL IS A NEW ONE ON ME... THE MUSEUMS IN THE STATES WOULD BE INTERESTED!
NO SOONER IS DANGER FROM BEAST PASSED, WHEN DANGER FROM MAN THREATENS...
... AND STRIKES!
CHIEF NOGLI--WHITE MAN CONGO BILL, MIGHTY HUNTER! SLAY BIG TUSKS WITH THUNDER STICK!
2

THE NATIVES' HOSTILITY CHANGES TO HERO-WORSHIP — WITH ONE EXCEPTION!
YOU SLAY BIG TUSKS. YOU BE OUR CHIEF NOW!
SURE... YOU BE CHIEF IN MY PLACE! LAW SAY MAN WHO SLAY BIG TUSKS RULE FOR FIVE MOONS!
I APPRECIATE THE HONOR, GENTS...
I MUST GET RID OF HIM OR LOSE ALL MY POWER...
MAY AS WELL HUMOR THEM...
SO LATER, IN THE TRIBAL VILLAGE, "CHIEF" CONGO BILL HOLDS COURT...
IN SOME WAY ITS LIKE A NIGHTMARE. BEASTS OUT OF GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, AND NATIVES WHO THINK I'M RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED! WONDER WHERE NOGLI IS? I DON'T THINK HE LIKES NOT BEING CHIEF ANY-MORE..
NEW CHIEF DEEP IN THOUGHT...
NEW CHIEF SMARTER THAN NOGLI...
AT THAT VERY MOMENT THE WILY NOGLI IS CONFERRING WITH HIS MEDICINE MEN IN THE DEPTHS OF THE JUNGLE..
LAW SAY WHITE STRANGER MUST RULE FIVE MOONS
BAH! IF STRAN-GER DIE, HOW HE RULE?
ME LIKE MAN WHO SEE AROUND LAW, RABU! YOU BE MY NUMBER ONE MEDICINE MAN FROM NOW ON!
WE COVER PIT OF SACRED SERPENTS WITH LEAVES. WHEN STRANGER FOLLOW BIG TUSKS HE FALL IN. NO ONE SEE HIM DIE!
THAT MEAN HE DIE QUICK! HOPE SERPENT DEMON NOT BE ANGRY!
HISS-S-S-S
HISS-S-S-S-S-S-S
IN THE DEPTHS OF THE PIT, FIVE ENORMOUS SERPENTS LIE ENTWINED...
ME FAKE TRAIL OF BIG TUSKS FROM PIT TO VILLAGE! THIS DISK MAKE PRINT SHAPED LIKE HOOF OF BEAST!
WHEN I AM CHIEF AGAIN, I WILL REWARD YOU!
HIS TREACHEROUS PLANS COM-PLETED, NOGLI REAPPEARS IN THE VILLAGE...
ME BRING GOOD NEWS! BIG TUSKS LEAVE PRINTS CLOSE TO VILLAGE! NOW CHIEF BILL SLAY ONCE MORE.. WIN LOVE OF HIS PEOPLE!
OKAY, NOGLI... IF I DID IT ONCE, I CAN DO IT AGAIN— I HOPE!
HMM...YOU COULD ALMOST SAY THIS PARTICULAR BIG TUSKS HAD MILITARY TRAINING... LOOK HOW EVENLY SPACED HIS PRINTS ARE!
3

BUT BEFORE BILL'S SUSPICIONS CAN TAKE DEFINITE SHAPE THERE IS A CRACKLING IN THE UNDERBRUSH, AND . . .
GALALALA!
GOOD GRIEF, A GIANT MONKEY!
ARG! GET OFF ME, YOU RING-TAILED APE!
HERE'S ONE FOR YOUR ALBUM, FUNNY FACE!
BALUMPH!
SOCKO
SQUIRMING FREE, THE MONKEY GRABS BILL'S RIFLE, AND BEATS A FRANTIC RETREAT!
IKLE! OKLE! EEEEEEE--
HEY, COME BACK HERE!
HE MUST THINK MY GUN'S A TOY!
AN INSTANT LATER, BILL IS SURPRISED BY ANOTHER GIGANTIC BEAST!
OUFF! A WATER BUFFALO! RIDE 'EM COWBOY!
IF I-I-I CAN S-S-STAY IN T-THE S-S-SADDLE I M-M-MAY G-GET MY R-RIFLE BACK!
WITH A TERRIFIED SCREECH, THE FLEEING MONKEY FALLS INTO THE TRAP PREPARED FOR CONGO BILL!
UGH! GOOD THING THIS BUFFALO STOPPED!
GWARRK!
SEEMS TO BE A CONCEALED ANIMAL-TRAP! HOPE MY RIFLE'S WITHIN REACH!
4

WHA..!
GULALA-GURK
PEERING DOWN, BILL SEES HIS RIFLE... AND A WEAVING SINISTER SHAPE...
AAAAGH! A SNAKE!
RECKLESS IS THE WORD FOR THIS, BUT I NEED THAT THUNDER STICK!
HISSS
AS BILL SNATCHES UP HIS RIFLE, THE SNAKE LUNGES!
WHEW, THAT WAS CLOSE! NOW TO BLAST THIS SPADE HEAD...
WHIZZ
CRACK
ALARMED BY THE SHOTS, NOGLI AND HIS NUMBER ONE MEDICINE MAN STREAK FOR THE PIT...
ME NO UNDERSTAND! YOU SAY HE FALL IN--DIE QUICK.
MAYBE HE NOT DIE! MAYBE SNAKE-DEMON ANGRY!
HE NOT DEAD YET, BUT ME FIX!
ME THINK YOU MESS THINGS UP!
FIERCELY THE WITCH DOCTOR LUNGES WITH HIS SPEAR, MISSING BILL BY INCHES!
OH, SO THAT'S HOW THINGS ARE, EH? THANKS! THIS SPEAR IS JUST WHAT I NEED TO GIVE ME A LIFT OUT OF HERE!
5

AND WITH THE AID OF THE ADDED FOOTHOLD, BILL VAULTS UPWARD!
I'LL BE WITH YOU TWO IN A MINUTE.
AHWE.. I MISSED.
ME THINK YOU SEE STARS FOR SIX, MOONS--MAYBE SEVEN.
BOP
SUDDENLY A SIXTH SENSE WARNS BILL OF DANGER! AS HE SWINGS ABOUT...
HOLY SMOKES! THE GRAND-DADDY OF ALL WILD HOGS!
--LATER, THE NATIVES HAIL BILL AS THE MIGHTIEST OF HUNTERS!
CHIEF BILL KILL TWO BIG TUSKS-- SHOW UP CHIEF, NOGLI.
HE GREAT HUNTER! ME GROW UP, BE LIKE CONGO BILL!
THANKS! AT ANY RATE YOU WON'T BE LIKE NOGLI AND HIS MEDICINE MEN! THEY'LL BE BANISHED FROM THE TRIBE!
NOT LONG AFTER, BILL IS FOUND BY TWO FELLOW EXPLORERS...
OUR PLANE MADE A PERFECT LANDING, BILL! BUT WE'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR YOU FOR DAYS!
WELL, KIDDIES, I GUESS THIS IS GOODBYE! I'LL SEE THAT AN EXPEDITION IS SENT HERE TO STUDY THE ANIMALS AND HELP YOU AGAINST THEM!
GOODBYE, CONGO BILL, MAYBE YOU COME BACK SOME DAY.
6
BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
WOW! HERE'S THE BEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD!
SUPERMAN
YEAH? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THIS ONE?!?
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS
AS A MATTER OF FACT, ANY COMIC MAGAZINE BEARING THIS TRADE MARK IS BOUND TO BE GOOD!
A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION
DC


AMERICOMMANDO
ATTACKS
"WE LIVE IN THE PRESENT, WE DREAM OF THE FUTURE, BUT WE LEARN ETERNAL TRUTHS FROM THE PAST!"
MME. CHIANG KAI-SHEK
DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE CONQUERED TERRITORIES, THE UNARMED PEOPLE OF CHINA CONTINUE THEIR NEVER-ENDING BATTLE AGAINST THE JAPANESE INVADERS! AND WHEN RIFLES ARE FEW AND BULLETS SCARCE, AMERICOMMANDO FINDS THAT FREEDOM-LOVING PEOPLE CAN DRAW INSPIRATION AND INVINCIBLE WEAPONS FROM THE WORDS OF WISDOM FROM THE PAST! THE GUILE OF AN OLD PEASANT AND THE DARING OF AMERICA'S TOUGHEST SOLDIER TEACH THE HATED ENEMY THAT... "WORDS ARE WEAPONS!"
IN JAPANESE-CONTROLLED VILLAGES, THE PEASANTS WORK QUIETLY IN THE FIELDS DURING THE DAY...

BUT AS THE DARKNESS OF NIGHT COVERS THE COUNTRYSIDE...
THE VILLAGE ELDER LIVES HERE...I MUST SEE HIM!
I COME FROM OUR GUERRILLA BAND IN THE HILLS, VILLAGE ELDER!
I HAVE INFORMATION FOR YOU, SON OF CHINA!
INSIDE THE HUT...
THE JAPANESE GARRISON AT THE AIRFIELD HERE IS WEAK!
IN THAT CASE, ALTHOUGH WE HAVE FEW RIFLES, WE SHALL ATTACK TOMORROW NIGHT!
WE ARE DEPENDING ON YOU, HONORED OLD ONE! YOU ARE OUR EYES AND EARS IN THIS VILLAGE!
IT IS WISELY SAID THAT NO ONE IS TOO YOUNG OR TOO OLD TO FIGHT FOR FREEDOM!
AND SILENTLY, THE YOUNG GUERRILLA DISAPPEARS INTO THE DARKNESS...
CHINA IS NOT POOR WHEN IT HAS SUCH BRAVE SONS TO FIGHT FOR HER! THE WISDOM OF THE PAST TEACHES US THAT!
HANDSOME ONES, TOO! THEY WILL DESTROY THE AIRFIELD!
BUT NEXT MORNING...
LOOK! DUST ON THE ROAD! WHO CAN BE COMING!
HMM...I AM AFRAID IT IS FOE, NOT FRIEND!
JAPANESE! REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE GARRISON AT THE AIRFIELD! OUR GUERRILLAS WILL BE SLAUGHTERED IF THEY ATTACK TONIGHT AS PLANNED!
ALAS! ALL OUR HOPES ARE SHATTERED!
BUT MATTERS ARE EVEN WORSE!
AMERICOMMANDO! A PRISONER OF THE JAPANESE!! IT IS AN EVIL DAY FOR ALL OF US!
2

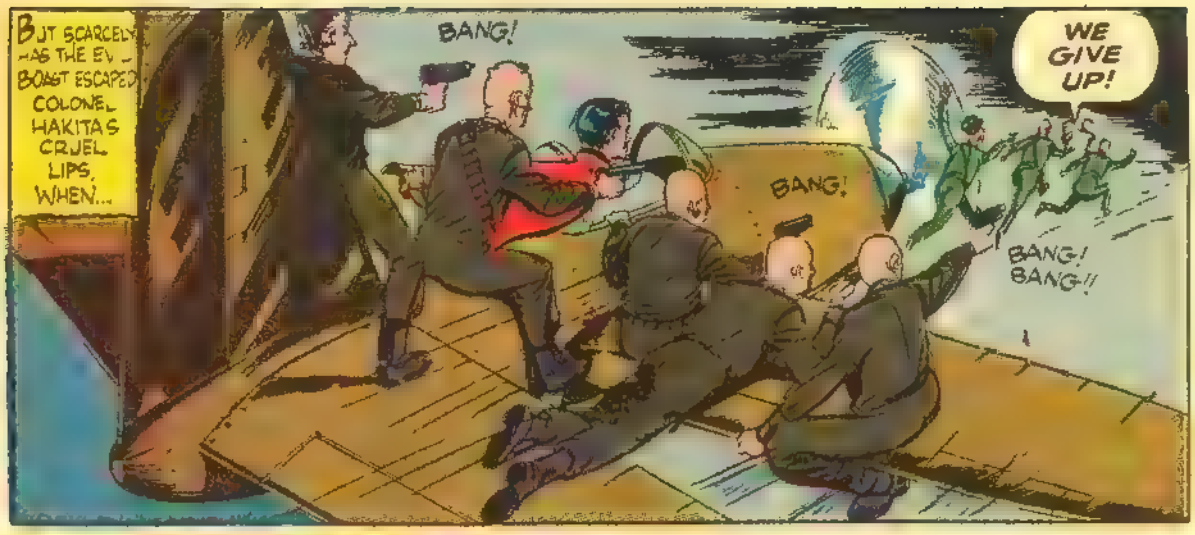
AFTER THE HATED TROOPS HAVE PASSED...
WHAT IS TO BE DONE? FIRST, WE WILL WARN THE GUERRILLAS NOT TO ATTACK TONIGHT! YOU, LING FO, WILL TAKE THE WARNING TO THEM!
AND THEN... A SECRET MEETING IN THE VILLAGE ELDER'S HUT...
WE MUST FREE AMERICOMMANDO!
THEY GUARD HIM LIKE HAWKS!
I HAVE A PLAN! I GO TO THE JAPANESE COMMANDER TO PAY MY RESPECTS!
BE CAREFUL, OLD ONE... FOR THEY RESPECT NOT GRAY HAIRS!
MEANWHILE, THE COURAGEOUS LING FO TRIES TO SLIP THROUGH THE JAPANESE LINES...
LOOK! A CHINESE TRAITOR GOING TO JOIN THE GUERRILLAS IN THE HILLS!
HE WON'T GET FAR!!
AAAHH! I--I AM FINISHED!
BANG
WITH LING FO SHOT DOWN, THE GUERRILLAS WILL NOT KNOW THE AIRFIELD HAS BEEN REINFORCED!
3

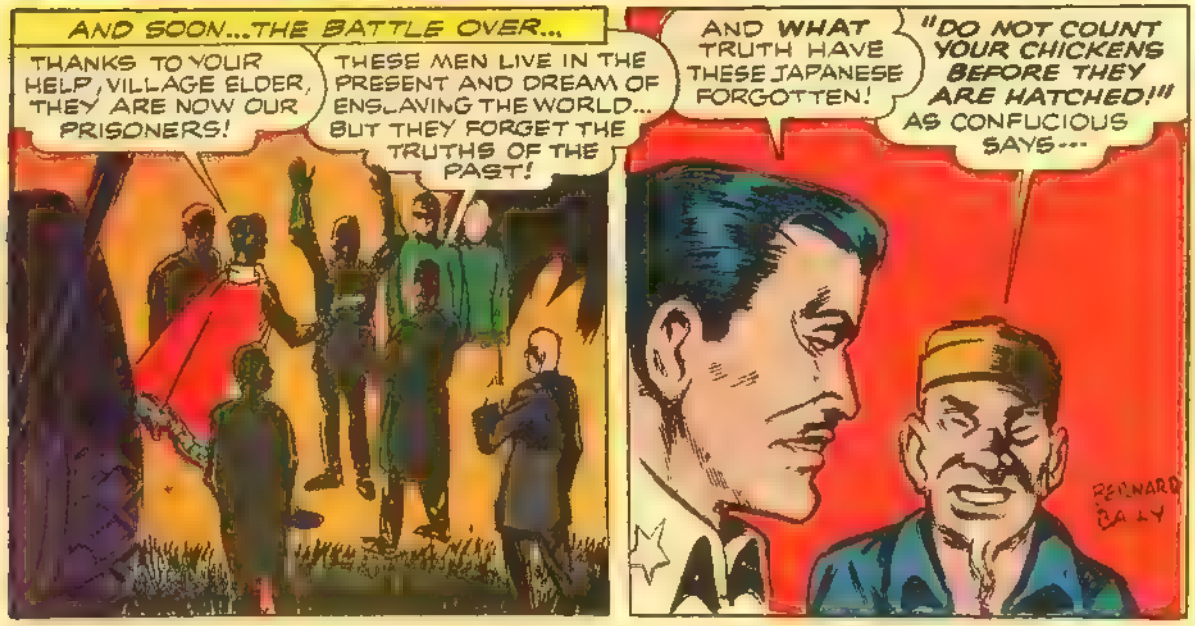
AT THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF COLONEL HAKITA, THE JAPANESE COMMAN-DER...
I BRING GREETINGS FROM THE VILLAGE TO OUR JAPANESE PROTECTORS--- AND CONGRATULATIONS ON THE CAPTURE OF THE AMERICAN TROUBLE-MAKER!
VERY WISE OF YOU, OLD MAN!
WE HAVE PREPARED A FESTIVAL FOR YOU AND YOUR MEN, HONORABLE WARRIOR!
WE WILL COME! HAVE PLENTY OF FOOD AND DRINK FOR US!
I HAVE A HUMBLE REQUEST, HONORABLE WARRIOR! I WISH TO TELL AMERICOMMANDO THAT WE CHINESE ARE HAPPY UNDER YOUR PROTECTION!
GOOD! TAKE HIM TO THE PRISONER!
...AND IN THE DUNGEON---
I WILL TELL YOU THE TRUTH, AMERICOMMANDO! WE CHINESE ARE HAPPY---WE ARE GIVING A FEAST TONIGHT TO OUR JAPANESE FRIENDS!
ONLY TRAITORS CAN BE HAPPY AS SLAVES!
IT IS AN ETERNAL TRUTH THAT THE WISE MAN WILL EXAMINE THE BENCH BEFORE HE SITS...
LATER... AFTER THE OLD MAN HAS LEFT...
WHAT WAS IT HE SAID? "... THE WISE MAN WILL EXAMINE THE BENCH BEFORE HE SITS..." I WONDER...
AH! A LITTLE GIFT FROM MY VISITOR! I KNEW THAT FINE OLD MAN COULDN'T BE A TRAITOR!

HERE'S BREAD AND WATER FOR YOU, AMERICAN DOG...YIPE!
THAT EVENING...
HONORABLE CAPTAIN! QUICK! THE PRISONER HAS ESCAPED!
IDIOT! HOW COULD HE HAVE GOTTEN OUT? IT IS NOT POSSIBLE! WHERE CAN HE BE?
I--I CAME IN--THE ROOM WAS EMPTY...
AND THE ANSWER COMES WITH STUNNING SPEED!
HERE I AM! MAKE YOURSELVES COMFORTABLE...WHILE I REVERSE OUR RELATIONS!
LET ME DOWN! IT IS DISHONORABLE TO TREAT JAPANESE OFFICER LIKE THIS!
THEY'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO COOL OFF IN THERE WHILE I MAKE MYSELF REALLY UNPLEASANT TO YOUR MIKADO'S DREAMS!
NOW CALL THE REST OF YOUR SOLDIERS!
I WILL DO SO...BUT I PROTEST!

QUICKLY! EVERYONE GET IN THERE!
YES, HONORABLE CAPTAIN!
I WON'T DENY YOUR SOLDIERS THE COMPANY OF SUCH A BRILLIANT COMMANDER!
THE REST OF THE JAPANESE ARE BEING ENTERTAINED AT THE VILLAGE...SO I HAVE A FREE HAND TO BLOW UP YOUR AIRFIELD!
OUTSIDE THE PRISON...
DO NOT MOVE, DOG!
WHA--!SO I WAS TRICKED!
STEP FORWARD SO WE MAY LOOK UPON YOUR FACE!
IT IS NOT A JAPANESE! IT IS AMERICOMMANDO! BUT WHERE ARE THE JAPANESE SOLDIERS?
THE ELDER OF THE VILLAGE LURED THEM TO A FEAST TO GIVE ME A CHANCE TO ESCAPE! THE REST ARE PRISONERS HERE!
GOOD! NOW TO DESTROY THE AIRFIELD!
WE SHALL PUT THIS GASOLINE TO GOOD USE!
YES, AND THEN WE'LL GO AFTER THE SOLDIERS IN THE VILLAGE!
6

As the burning air-field lights up the night sky...
THE FIRE! IT WILL WARN THE JAPANESE!
I KNOW...BUT WE'LL GET TO THE VILLAGE FIRST AND STRIKE THEM!
BUT WHY ARE YOU SAVING THIS PLANE?
YOU'LL SEE!
GET ABOARD, MEN!
LET US HURRY! THE JAPANESE, WHEN THEY SEE THE FLAMES, WILL START KILLING THE PEOPLE IN REVENGE!
THE WORDS ARE DARKLY PROPHETIC! BACK AT THE VILLAGE...
BETRAYED! WHILE YOU HAD US HERE, YOUR GUERRILLAS SET FIRE TO OUR AIRDROME! YOU WILL BE PUNISHED AT ONCE!
IT IS WISELY SAID..."THE PATRIOT DOES NOT FEAR DEATH!"
DRIVE THEM TO THEIR HOUSES! WE SHALL SET FIRE TO THE WHOLE VILLAGE!! SHOOT ANYONE WHO TRIES TO RUN AWAY FROM THE FLAMES!
SO WILL DIE ALL ENEMIES WHO DREAM OF FREEING THEMSELVES FROM OUR POWER!




AND SOON...THE BATTLE OVER...
THANKS TO YOUR HELP, VILLAGE ELDER, THEY ARE NOW OUR PRISONERS!
THESE MEN LIVE IN THE PRESENT AND DREAM OF ENSLAVING THE WORLD... BUT THEY FORGET THE TRUTHS OF THE PAST!
AND WHAT TRUTH HAVE THESE JAPANESE FORGOTTEN!
"DO NOT COUNT YOUR CHICKENS BEFORE THEY ARE HATCHED!" AS CONFUCIOUS SAYS...
REINARD BALY

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP MANAGEMENT CIRCULATION ETC REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 of ACTION COMICS published monthly at New York N Y, for October 1, 1943.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me a notary public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared J S. Liebowitz, who, having been duly sworn according to law deposes and says that he is the business manager of the ACTION COMICS and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief a true statement of the ownership management and if a daily paper the circulation etc of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912 as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537 Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher editor, managing editor and business manager are Publisher Detective Comics Inc. 480 Lexington Ave New York 17 N Y Editor F W Sampliner 480 Lexington Ave New York 17, N Y, Managing Editor None Business Manager J S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17 N Y

2. That the owner is (If owned by a corporation its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address as well as those of each individual member must be given.) Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N Y, H Donenfeld, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; F. H Sampliner 480 Lexington Ave. New York 17 N Y

3. That the known bondholders mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are (If there are none, so state.) None

4. That the two paragraphs next above giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders if any contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock bonds or other securities than as so stated by him

J S LIEBOWITZ Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September 1943
ALFRED B. YAGUDA, Notary Public (My commission expires March 30 1944)

THE FUGITIVE

by Eben Azuni

WELL, it's very nice of your paper to send you way up here to take my pitcher, son, but just because I'm the sheriff doesn't mean I captured Slugs Barconi. Nosiree, it's that little lady coming down the road who deserves all the credit.

What are you acting so surprised about, boy? Oh, she's so tiny and Slugs is such a big lug, eh? Well, lemme tell you something! That little lady't got a lot of spunk and brains, and that's what beat Slugs Barconi. Nelly Macy is nobody's fool, not in this town. Why, she's got $25,000 reward money coming to her, too, you know, and she's gonna use it, or part of it, anyway, to change that tea room of her's over into a real home-cookin' drive-in soon's the war is over. And you've never tasted nothin till you've tasted Nelly's barbecue or her crab meat salad special Nelly's sure a wonderful cook, best in the county. I might even go so fur as to say the best in the state, but Nelly'd only blush purty if she heard me a-talkin' that way. I reckon she's the blushingest woman in these whole parts.

'Course, you know how Slugs Barconi crashed out of stir by digging his way right under the wall. A lifer gets that desperate, son, and when he's got plenty of dough cached away, he'll commit a murder.

And that's what this whole state was afraid of when we heard he'd broke out of jail. You could never tell what a tough monkey like Slugs would do and we knew he had picked himself up a gun. A shotgun, it was. He slugged Farmer Adams out Claridge way and stole the gun.

I guess nobody'll ever know how slugs managed to exist for that week when every police officer in the state, as well as volunteers, were looking for him. Son, we had flung out a drag-net that even a mosquito couldn't slip through, or so we thought.

Only nobody ever told Slugs he wasn't a mosquito. I guess your paper told the story about how he got through. He just mixed himself up with a volunteer posse and then durn near strangled one of them and took his clothes and arm band. After that, he could move about a little freer.

But there wasn't much chance of him getting out of that 100 mile circle we had thrown around the prison. He needed food and he needed money. He also needed rest, I guess, according to Miss Nelly's story.

Besides, if he managed to break through our circle, he still had to get over the State line. And we figured it was well-nigh impossible, even though Slugs was sure to put up a fight. Maybe his old gang would even be around to help him, you can't tell about those big city mobsters.

So there we were, combing hill and dale, and not realizing that right in my own bailiwick, I mean my jurisdiction, son, is one of the roughest, toughest crooks in the world And he is at large, except that he is hiding in an old cave some of our most respectable citizens used to play in when they were kids. This cave was sealed up when one of the kids got hurt years ago and, with nobody using it, naturally, no one ever thought to look there for him.

Time had done its work on the sealing job, son. That must have been like a refuge from Heaven to Slugs, him finding a made-to-order spot where nobody would think of looking. There's a little stream in there, so he didn't have to worry about water. 'Course, it was plenty damp, and I reckon Slugs spent some pretty cool nights there.

Just how cool, the little lady coming down the road, Miss Nelly, can tell you. She was the first person to lay eyes on him. But until she gets here, son, I'll continue with my—I mean her —story.

It was getting almost toward evening, and from what we learned, Slugs is hiding out for his last night. Miss Nelly's little tea room, which she runs in her house, is the thing that has attracted him. He has to get out, or starve Besides, he had caught a pretty bad cold and, as we learned later, he didn't intend to get any pneumonia.

This takes place on a Sunday night, mister. On Sundays, Miss Nelly serves as nice a dinner as you can find, so you won't blame an old bachelor like me, son, for digressing a little from his path of duty long enough to have some of her delicious roast duck. Yessir, I'll admit it, there I was sitting in the restaurant 'long about four o'clock on Sunday afternoon, enjoying me a wonderful meal when not an eighth of a mile away, and no doubt watching, is the killer we officers have been looking for a whole week!

Gol durn it! Can you blame me for being mad? You see, son, all during dinner I teased Miss Nelly about this Slugs.

"We got a tip, Miss Nelly," I says, winking at my two deputies, "that Slugs has been seen around this territory."

Miss Nelly gasps, and we have a laugh all around.

"Oh," she says. "Around here? No, Tim, not that awful, horrid man!" She fans herself with her apron, and she's all a-twitter,

just like a scared sparrow. "What would I ever do, Tim, if he came here. Why . . . he . . . he could break me in two."

She's really getting plenty nervous, mister. And maybe we shouldn't have carried the joke too far. Anyway, I said:

"Well, Miss Nelly, you know what they used to teach you in school: brains can beat brawn."

One of the deputies laughed. "Just you give him some of your cookin', Miss Nelly," he said, "and Slugs will eat himself into unconsciousness. Then you just call us and we'll carry him away for you."

Honest, Miss Nelly didn't realize we were just kidding her. I meant to double back a little later and tell her not to worry, 'cause Slugs certainly wasn't within miles of her place. But we got off on a false scent, and I was so busy I forgot all about it. Until almost too late.

Slugs must have laughed himself blue in the face when he saw me and my deputies leaving. He knew then that it was safe to come out of hiding. He needed food and he needed it bad.

And so, as soon as it got dark, he crept out of the cave and headed for Miss Nelly's tea room. She was in the kitchen, doing the last dab of washing before going to Sunday night meetin'. The first thing she knew, he was slouchin' there in the doorway with that shotgun in his hand.

"Dod screab," he said, "or I'll gill you." He didn't speak very plain because he had caught a bad cold. His eyes were red and running, but they were murderous eyes just the same. Poor Miss Nelly, she just went white and started a-tremblin' all over.

"Glose those gurtains," Slugs said, motioning toward the curtains. "And mage sure the door is glosed. Dod oben it, you understand?"

Miss Nelly's brain was a-whirlin' like one of those Fourth of July pinwheels by now, and she realized she had to get a grip on herself. She knew Slugs wasn't kidding about killing her. He was ready to do anything to stay free. But just the same, she's spunky, Miss Nelly is. So she said:

"I suppose you want food, Mr. Barconi. Very well, I shall give it to you. But I wish it distinctly understood that I am doing this under duress."

"Stow d' gab, sister," Slugs said. "You got it right. I wan food and I god to have it now." His face was murderous. "Ged it!"

"You are blocking my way," Miss Nelly said. "It is downstairs in the cellar. I keep all my food there because of the natural refrigeration, especially my famous hams."

Slugs almost slobbered. His watery eyes looked at Miss Nelly, who was standing with her back to the kitchen stove. Miss Nelly's heart is pounding like a blacksmith's hammer and she doesn't know just what Slugs is looking at, or what he'll do next. Her heart almost stops when he says:

"You only god ham, huh? Okay, ged it—and don't try no tricks, sister." He is looking at her crafty-like now, and all of a sudden Miss Nelly realizes what he is going to do. She told me later it was instinct, but I don't know, mister. Miss Nelly's a right smart little lady.

He follows her right down the stairs, into the cellar, where Miss Nelly had her hams strung up. There's a lot of preserved stuff there, too, like string beans and such, and Slugs makes Miss Nelly load up with them. All the time, he is watching her, he is also looking around at this root cellar, which has no window. He has a plan in his mind, too.

Well, they spend about ten minutes down there and then, when Miss Nelly has her arms loaded, Slugs orders her upstairs. They go up and Miss Nelly puts the stuff on the table. It's all she can do to keep walking steady when she hits that kitchen and Slugs says: "You don't have to be so scared, sister. I'm eatin' and then I'm scrammin'. And where's your money?"

"In my purse," Miss Nelly gasps. "All of it." She can hardly talk.

Slugs sees that she's not lying. Then, all of a sudden, just when Miss Nelly's about to pass out, he says: "Ged down in that cellar, sister, and dod gum oud for an hour." He grabs her and pushes her down, throwing Miss Nelly's alarm clock after her.

Well, Miss Nelly sure got herself some bruises, falling down those stairs, but she doesn't mind. She's even breathing a prayer when she hits the bottom and hears the door locked behind her. Because she's safer than Slugs knows.

Upstairs, she hears Slugs' footsteps. He is moving toward the stove and now, suddenly, Miss Nelly trembles. Will he notice anything wrong? Will he . . . She hears a match scratch and then the next minute, son, there's an explosion that tears the whole tea room apart, but it doesn't bother Miss Nelly, who is safe in the root cellar, safe and breathing a prayer of thanks again because her little trick worked. Yessiree, when she was standing with her back to the stove, she opened all the gas jets, knowing that Slugs couldn't smell a thing with that cold! All she had to worry about was that he was the kind of suspicious crook who would do the cooking himself.

And he sure had himself a bang-up dinner when he lit that match, son! They say he'll be another four months in the prison hospital.

What's that, Miss Nelly? Oh, this here is a photographer from one of the big town newspapers, Miss Nelly. He wants to take your pitcher. Huh? Oh yeah . . .

Look, son, Miss Nelly thinks it would be nice if you took me and her together. Then we wouldn't have to have a weddin' pitcher made when we get hitched next week! Sure, we're gettin' spliced, son, a little lady like Miss Nelly needs a big strong man around the house!

HELP ME SMASH THIS MENACE!
--- AND WIN A FREE MEMBERSHIP IN THE SUPERMEN of AMERICA!
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MARCH OF DIMES
AGAINST
INFANTILE PARALYSIS!

AMERICANS EVERYWHERE ARE CELEBRATING PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S BIRTHDAY BY CONTRIBUTING TO THE MARCH OF DIMES. THIS YEAR, AS IN THE PAST, YOUR DIMES WILL BE FORWARDED TO THE PRESIDENT IN WASHINGTON AND SPENT IN THE FIGHT AGAINST INFANTILE PARALYSIS. BUT HERE'S SOMETHING SPECIAL!

IF YOU SEND YOUR DIME THIS YEAR TO **SUPERMAN**, YOU WILL RECEIVE ***ABSOLUTELY FREE*** A MEMBERSHIP IN THE **SUPERMEN OF AMERICA CLUB...** INCLUDING ***PIN, SECRET CODE CARD*** AND COLORFUL **MEMBERSHIP CERTIFICATE**! AND YOUR DIME WILL BE FORWARDED WITH THOUSANDS OF OTHERS TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT TO DO ITS PART IN THE FIGHT AGAINST INFANTILE PARALYSIS! USE THE COUPON BELOW OR MAKE A COPY OF IT.

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TO MEMBERS OF THE
SUPERMEN OF AMERICA CLUB.

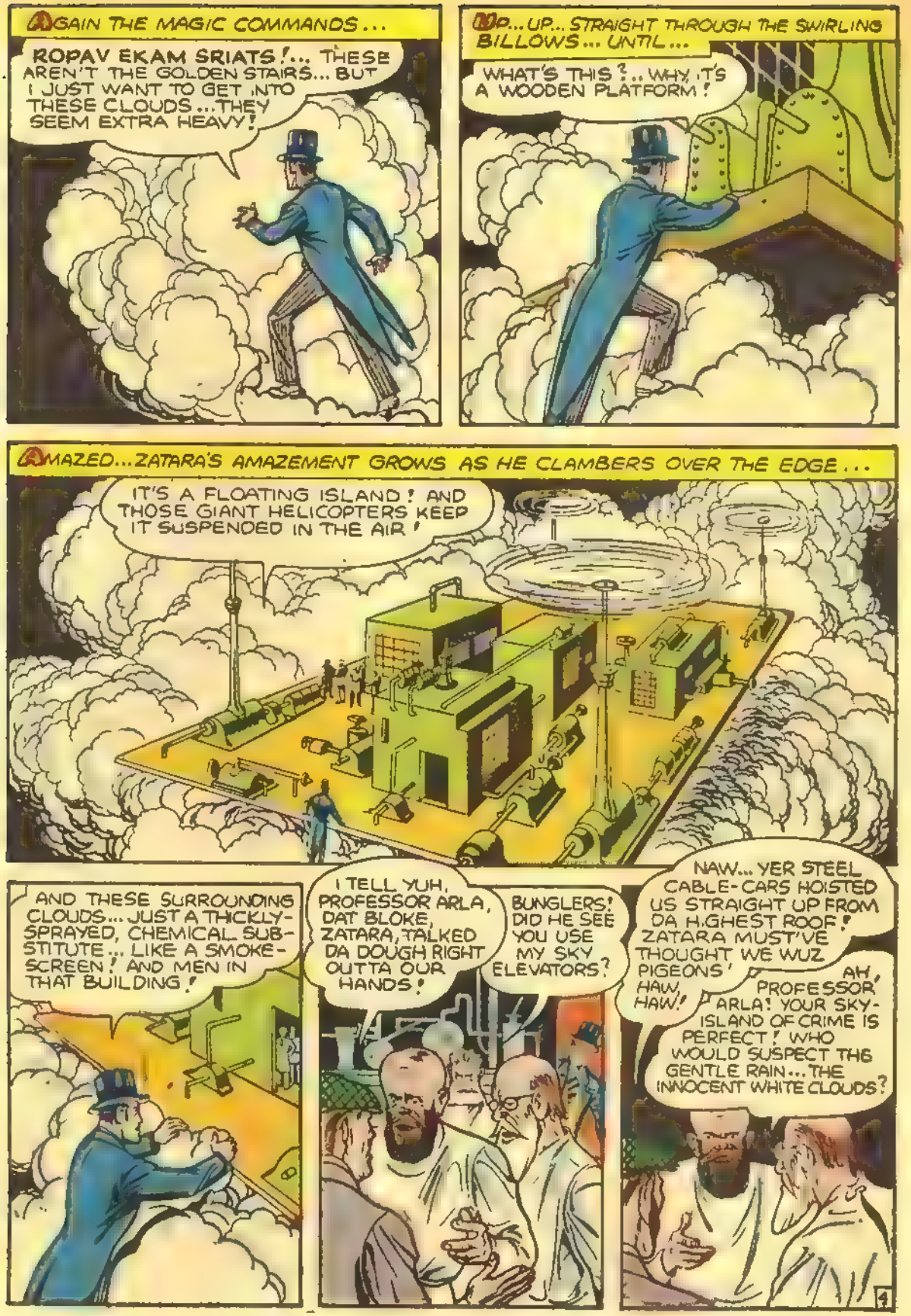
If you <u>are</u> already a member of the SUPERMEN OF AMERICA CLUB, that doesn't prevent you from doing your part. If you send your dime to **SUPERMAN** for forwarding to President Roosevelt, you will receive a full-color picture of **SUPERMAN**, suitable for framing and autographed - "*Thanks for your help*" *Sincerely,* *Clark Kent* (SUPERMAN)!

IMPORTANT: IF you <u>ARE</u> A MEMBER **DO NOT USE THE COUPON** Write your name and address in a letter and enclose your dime. The autographed picture of **SUPERMAN** will be mailed to you at once.

ZATARA
THE MASTER MAGICIAN
GET UNDER COVER! BECAUSE IT ISN'T RAINING RAIN... IT'S DRIPPING CRIME! DOWN FROM THE SKY SWOOPS A SILENT SCOURGE THAT THREATENS TO STRIP THE ENTIRE COUNTRY CLEAN... EVERYTHING IS EASY LOOT FOR THESE VANDALS WHO APPEAR MYSTERIOUSLY, ROB RUTHLESSLY... AND THEN VANISH INTO THIN AIR! AND ZATARA, THE MASTER MAGICIAN, NEEDS ALL HIS MAGIC TO PIERCE THE BLIND THAT SHIELDS THE CRIMINAL KINGS WHO LURK BEHIND...
"CLOUDS of CRIME!"
ZATARA STEPS OUT OF A THEATER BETWEEN PERFORMANCES...
THINK I'LL TAKE A WALK BEFORE IT RAINS... I'VE NEVER VISITED THIS TOWN BEFORE!
STAGE ENTRANCE
ZATARA MASTER MAGICIAN
ZATARA MASTER MAGICIAN
JEWELS
IT'S GOING TO RAIN! HURRY! TAKE ALL THE JEWELS TO THE VAULTS!
HMM.. THAT'S QUEER!
I BEG YOUR PARDON, GENTLEMEN, BUT WHAT HAS RAIN TO DO WITH JEWELS?

EVERY ROBBERY IN THIS TOWN IN THE LAST THREE MONTHS HAS HAPPENED DURING A RAIN STORM, THAT'S WHAT!
I'VE GOT ALL THE SILVER IN! QUICK! LET'S CLOSE THE VAULT AND GO!
THE POLICE ARE BAFFLED, TOO! THE THIEVES JUST DISAPPEAR ... IF I WERE YOU, I'D GO HOME TILL THIS STORM BLOWS OVER! AN HONEST MAN ISN'T SAFE WHEN IT RAINS HERE!
WHAT AN ODD SUPERSTITION... THAT RAIN CLOUDS CARRY CRIME! I'LL CONTINUE MY STROLL...
THE MEANDERING MASTER OF MAGIC SUDDENLY SPOTS TROUBLE AHEAD!
PAY DAY TODAY
DON'T NOBODY MOVE!
A HOLD-UP!
SCOOP IT UP, LEFTY! DESE PRACTICE JOBS IS A CINCH, DA WAY WE DROP IN! HAW, HAW!
THEY WEREN'T HERE A MINUTE AGO... SEEMS LIKE THEY FELL FROM THE SKY!
HEY! IT'S ZATARA! LET'S BEAT IT TO DA ROOF-TOP!
FIRST, I'LL GET THAT PAYROLL BACK! YENOM EMOC KCAB!*
*READ ZATARA'S MAGIC WORDS BACKWARDS!
WHA...? WE'RE LOSIN' DA SWAG! IT'S WALKIN' AWAY!
HERE COME MY WEEK'S WAGES!
WOW! AND THERE'S MY ENVELOPE!

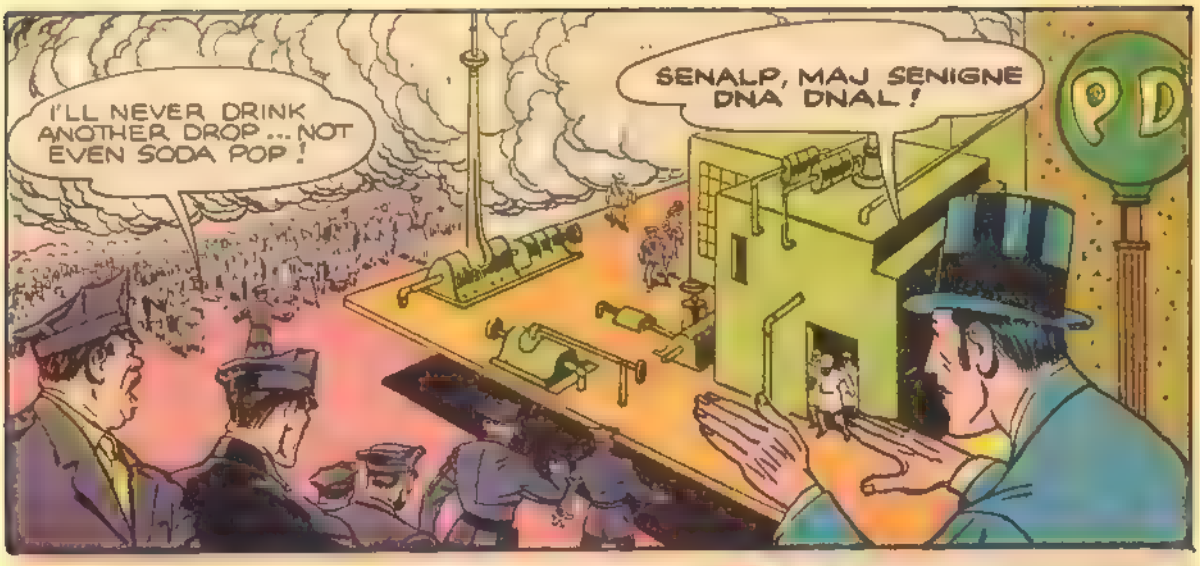
HERE'S YOURS, JIM BRADY... BUT WHERE'S MINE?
THIS IS ONE TIME THOSE CROOKS GOT NO DOUGH... THANKS TO ZATARA!
I'VE GOT TO FOLLOW THOSE YEGGS!
ZATARA TRAILS HIS QUARRY TO THE ADJACENT SKYSCRAPER..
THOSE MEN WITH BAGS AND SATCHELS.. DID THEY RUSH IN HERE?
YES...THEY TOOK THAT EXPRESS ELEVATOR! NEXT STOP IS THE ROOF!
THE LOCAL CAR WILL BE HERE IN A MINUTE!
NO THANKS, I CAN'T WAIT! I'LL BUILD MY OWN ELEVATOR!
RIA EVOBA EB MUUCAV! RIA WOLEB HSUP ARATAZ OT FOOR!
THIS BEATS ANY EXPRESS CAR!
BUT THE ROOF GARDEN IS DESERTED! AND THE ELEVATOR BOY KNOWS NOTHING!
YOU BROUGHT THREE MEN UP... WHERE ARE THEY NOW?
THEY STEPPED OUT... AND POOF!.. THEY WERE GONE! AND THOSE CLOUDS, THAT RAIN... THEY GIVE ME THE CREEPS!
HMM! THERE'S THAT SUPERSTITION AGAIN...THAT CLOUDS AND RAIN BRING CRIME! IT'S A STRANGE IDEA... BUT STILL...
3

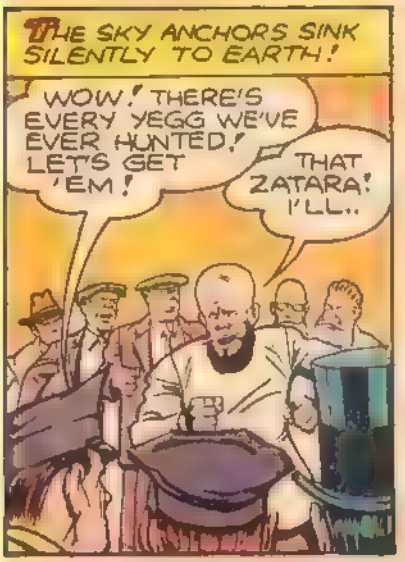

AGAIN THE MAGIC COMMANDS...
ROPAV EKAM SRIATS!... THESE AREN'T THE GOLDEN STAIRS... BUT I JUST WANT TO GET INTO THESE CLOUDS...THEY SEEM EXTRA HEAVY!
UP... UP... STRAIGHT THROUGH THE SWIRLING BILLOWS... UNTIL...
WHAT'S THIS?.. WHY, IT'S A WOODEN PLATFORM!
AMAZED...ZATARA'S AMAZEMENT GROWS AS HE CLAMBERS OVER THE EDGE...
IT'S A FLOATING ISLAND! AND THOSE GIANT HELICOPTERS KEEP IT SUSPENDED IN THE AIR!
AND THESE SURROUNDING CLOUDS... JUST A THICKLY-SPRAYED, CHEMICAL SUB-STITUTE... LIKE A SMOKE-SCREEN! AND MEN IN THAT BUILDING!
I TELL YUH, PROFESSOR ARLA, DAT BLOKE, ZATARA, TALKED DA DOUGH RIGHT OUTTA OUR HANDS!
BUNGLERS! DID HE SEE YOU USE MY SKY ELEVATORS?
NAW... YER STEEL CABLE-CARS HOISTED US STRAIGHT UP FROM DA H.GHEST ROOF! ZATARA MUST'VE THOUGHT WE WUZ PIGEONS'
HAW, HAW!
AH, PROFESSOR ARLA! YOUR SKY-ISLAND OF CRIME IS PERFECT! WHO WOULD SUSPECT THE GENTLE RAIN... THE INNOCENT WHITE CLOUDS?
4

AFTER LONG YEARS OF CHEMICAL AND MECHANICAL RESEARCH... AFTER SPENDING MY WHOLE LIFE AND FORTUNE... AT LAST I AM READY!
TONIGHT WE CAN LAND AGAIN IN THE WOODS, TO REFUEL THE SILENT MOTORS THAT HOLD US ALOFT!
MAD, EVIL GENIUS AND A BAND OF GREED-CRAZED SCIENTISTS HAVE CONQUERED THE WIND AND AIR!
I HAVE ENOUGH GASES TO MAKE CLOUDS AND RAIN... AND ELECTRIC MOTORS TO SHOOT LIGHTNING AND THUNDER! HA, HA! SOON I STOP THESE PETTY CRIME-EXPERIMENTS... I HOVER WHERE I PLEASE... RAID THE U.S. TREASURY, BANKS, ENTIRE CITIES! I AM KING OF THE RAIN AND CLOUDS! KING OF THE WORLD!
BUT ZATARA HAS OTHER PLANS... AT HIS FINGER TIPS.
FIRST I'LL RENDER THEM POWERLESS... THEN LAND THIS NIGHTMARE OF THE SKY! STSITNEICS EB SEUTATS!
HELP! I'M FROZEN SOLID AS A PIECE OF MARBLE! THIS IS MOST UNSCIENTIFIC!
ZATARA! BUT I HAVE OTHER WEAPONS TO FIGHT YOU!
BEFORE ZATARA'S EYES CAN FIX THE ROLLING, GLITTERING ORBS OF THE MASTER CHEMIST...
I MUST BEND HIS WILL TO MINE! I MUST!
THESE EXTRA-HEAVY CLOUD FUMES WILL STOP YOUR MAGIC!
CLOSELY CLOAKED IN THE STICKY GAS, THE MAN OF MARVELS CANNOT USE HIS POWERS...
I CAN'T SEE! AND MY HANDS ARE COVERED!
BIND HIM, YOU FOOLS! NOW YOU KNOW... I AM THE GREATEST OF ALL MAGICIANS!
DRAG HIM TO THE TRAP-DOOR! WE'LL TOSS HIM BACK TO EARTH! HA! HA!
PROFESSOR ARLA, YOU HAVE BEATEN ZATARA! YOU ARE INVINCIBLE!
5

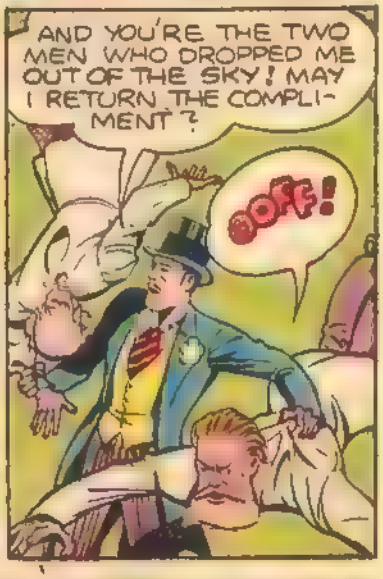
WE JUST CLIPPED ANUDDER JOINT! AN' DOSE CABLES LIFTED US RIGHT OUTTA DA RING OF COPS! BOY, I LOVE DA RAIN! HAW, HAW!
ONE SIDE... WE MUST FINISH THIS MEDDLER!
GOODBYE, ZATARA! UNHAPPY LANDINGS!
THERE GOES THE ONLY MAN WHO MIGHT HAVE BEATEN US! WE CAN BEGIN TO LOOT THE WORLD!
OUT OF THE SKY PLUMMETS ZATARA! WILL HE BE SMASHED TO BITS AGAINST THE SOLID EARTH FAR BELOW?
I'M GAINING SPEED! STILL CAN'T USE MY EYES AND HANDS!
BUT SOON... THE TERRIFIC VELOCITY OF HIS FALL RIPS AWAY HIS CLOUDY TOMB!
AT LAST... I CAN COMMAND AGAIN! SEPOR EB SGNIW!
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! RAEB EM PU! I'VE GOT TO GET TO THEIR CENTRAL POWER-HOUSE! AND EB ELBISIVNI!
UNSEEN, ZATARA APPROACHES THE MECHANICAL HEART OF THE SKY-ISLAND!
GOOD! THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN AT THE MASTER CONTROL!
I WON'T WASTE ANY MAGIC ON YOU! JUST A LEFT HOOK!
OWW!
6

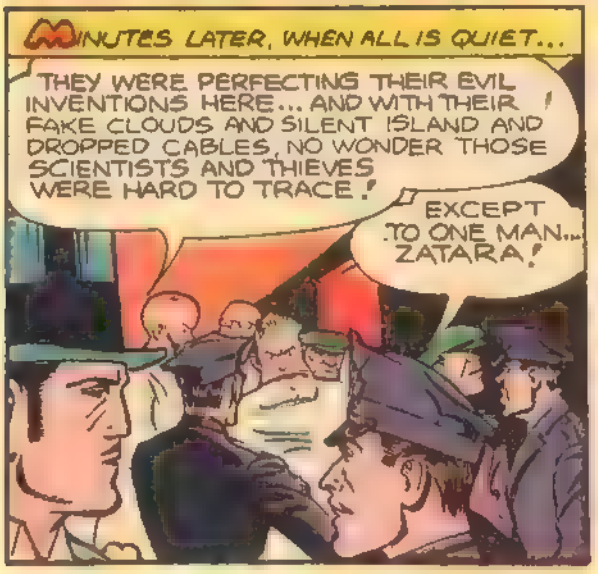
NOW TO SET THESE DIALS... SO WE LOSE THIRTY FEET EACH SECOND..
... AND TO A M THIS FLYING FORTRESS OF CR.ME FOR THE TOWN SQUARE '
I'LL HAVE TO GO DOWN TO WARN THE POLICE... AND TO CLEAR A LANDING PLACE!
ARATAZ PORD YLTNEG OT HTRAE!
..THERE ! NO TIME TO LOSE, CAPTAIN! GET ALL YOUR MEN!
IT'S ZATARA! OUT OF THE CLOUDS!
PD
QUICKLY THE SQUARE IS CLEARED AND SURROUNDED.
WHY DO WE NEED ALL THIS SPACE ?
YOU'LL SOON SEE! JUST GET READY NOT TO BELIEVE YOUR EYES!
HEY! THOSE CLOUDS! I NEVER SAW THEM DROP THAT LOW BEFORE!
HOLY SMOKE! THE SKY IS FALLING!
NO IT ISN'T! AND THOSE AREN'T CLOUDS! SLACIMEHC TAOLF YAWA!
7

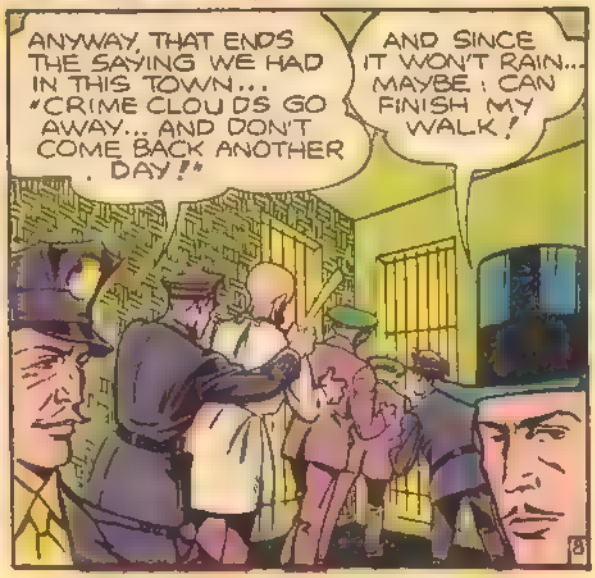

I'LL NEVER DRINK ANOTHER DROP... NOT EVEN SODA POP!
SENALP, MAJ SENIGNE DNA DNAL!
P D


THE SKY ANCHORS SINK SILENTLY TO EARTH!
WOW! THERE'S EVERY YEGG WE'VE EVER HUNTED! LET'S GET 'EM!
THAT ZATARA! I'LL..

YOU'LL DO NOTHING, PROFESSOR ARLA! GENIUS THOUGH YOU ARE, YOUR CROOKED PLANS FOR POWER ARE AT AN END!


AND YOU'RE THE TWO MEN WHO DROPPED ME OUT OF THE SKY! MAY I RETURN THE COMPLIMENT?
BOFF!


MINUTES LATER, WHEN ALL IS QUIET...
THEY WERE PERFECTING THEIR EVIL INVENTIONS HERE... AND WITH THEIR FAKE CLOUDS AND SILENT ISLAND AND DROPPED CABLES, NO WONDER THOSE SCIENTISTS AND THIEVES WERE HARD TO TRACE!
EXCEPT TO ONE MAN... ZATARA!


ANYWAY, THAT ENDS THE SAYING WE HAD IN THIS TOWN... "CRIME CLOUDS GO AWAY... AND DON'T COME BACK ANOTHER DAY!"
AND SINCE IT WON'T RAIN... MAYBE I CAN FINISH MY WALK!

Boys! FREE 5 POWER TELESCOPE

WITH THIS OFFER

If you order the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun at once, we will include this big 13-inch 5-Power Telescope absolutely FREE. It's made with genuine ground, polished glass lenses. Enlarges everything to 5 times its size—brings objects 5 times closer. Perfect for spotting planes, ships, birds, sporting events, etc. We will also include a valuable Airplane Chart FREE, showing 31 Allied and Axis planes in silhouette so that they could be easily identified.

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How would you like to play "WAR" with your very own Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun? So completely does it resemble the real machine gun used by our Commandos, that you will get a thrill when you get it in your hands. You will be positively amazed when you hear its loud machine gun noise that can be heard for hundreds of feet.

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What a thrill you will get when you actually own and use the new Commando Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun. The gang will be green with envy if you are the first one in your neighborhood to get a Krak-A-Jap Commando Machine Gun and the FREE 5-Power Telescope.

You needn't send a single penny. Have Dad or Mother fill out and mail the "no risk" coupon. When your Krak-A-Jap and Free Telescope arrive, just pay the postman $1.98 plus a few pennies postage and c.o.d. charges. If the Krak-A-Jap isn't more fun than a "barrel of monkeys," just return it within 10 days and we will refund your money in full. Don't forget, if you RUSH your order at once, we send you the big 5-Power Telescope absolutely FREE.

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Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

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Whether you are a stamp collector or not, here is an opportunity to get FREE such astonishing merchandise that it seems almost unbelievable. You receive ABSOLUTELY FREE all kinds of choice stamps and stamp materials . . . a collection of wonderful supplies which you will spend many days and weeks enjoying . . . and many years of delightful possession. All these are yours FREE & CLEAR by accepting our offer on the wonderbook of adventures and treasures, "Fabulous Stamps". Remember, these wonderful stamps and album and magnifying glass and other supplies are yours to keep and enjoy . . . You don't have to buy any "approvals" . . . You don't have to be an "approval applicant" . . . All these stamps and merchandise are yours WITHOUT A PENNY COST.

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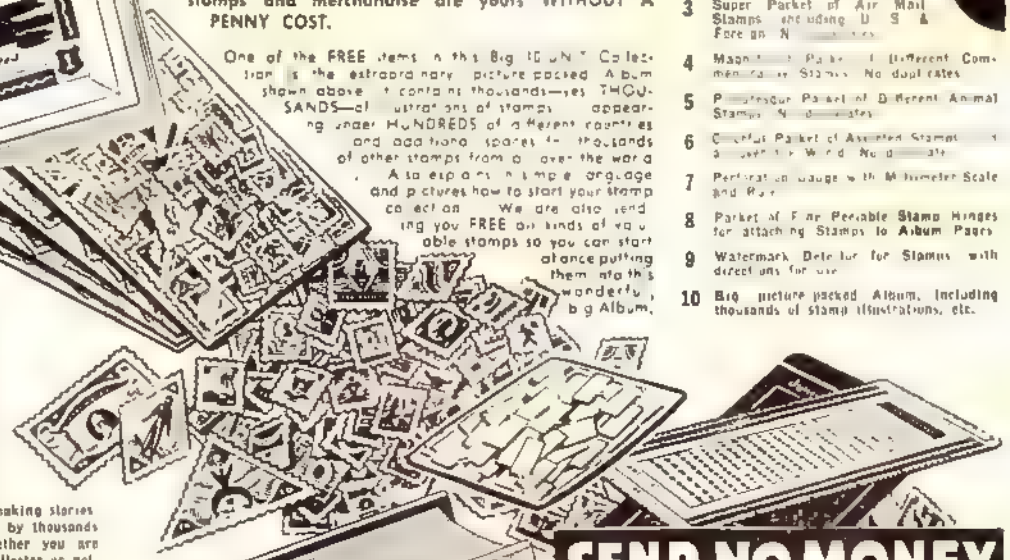

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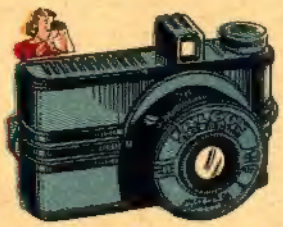

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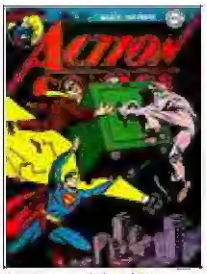
Action Comics #70

1938 Series - DC, March 1944, coverprice 0.10 , 60 pages.
Format: Color; Standard Format; Saddle-stitched; ongoing monthly series (format changed several times)



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No Title Given

Cover Credits:
Jack Burnley (Pencils) Stan Kaye (Inks)

Cover Feature: Superman

Character appearances:
Superman

Genre: superhero

Editor: Whitney Ellsworth (credited), Jack Schiff (actual)

This series has been indexed by

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Stories/features:

1. Superman Takes a Holiday
Feature: Superman
2. A Challenge from the Pyramids
Feature: Vigilante
3. [A High Velocity Yarn]
Feature: Vitamin Vic
4. The Forest Primeval
Feature: Congo Bill
5. Words are Weapons
Feature: Americommando
6. The Fugitive
7. Clouds of Crime
Feature: Zatara

Series info
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Superman Takes a Holiday

(Sequence 1 - Story , 12 pages)

Feature Story: Superman

Credits:
Don Cameron (Script), Sam Citron (Pencils), ? (Inks),

Character appearances:
Superman; The Thinker (villain)

Genre: superhero

A Challenge from the Pyramids

(Sequence 2 - Story , 10 pages)

Feature Story: Vigilante

Credits:
Don Cameron or Joe Samachson? (Script), Mort Meskin (as Mort Morton Jr.) (Pencils), Mort Meskin (Inks),

Character appearances:
The Vigilante

Genre: superhero

[A High Velocity Yarn]

(Sequence 3 - Filler , 4 pages)

Feature Story: Vitamin Vic

Credits:
Jack Farr (Script), Jack Farr (Pencils), Jack Farr (Inks),

Genre: humor

The Forest Primeval

(Sequence 4 - Story , 6 pages)

Feature Story: Congo Bill

Credits:
John Daly (Pencils), John Daly (Inks),

Character appearances:
Congo Bill

Genre: jungle

Words are Weapons

(Sequence 5 - Story , 8 pages)

Feature Story: Americommando

Credits:
Joseph Greene (Script), Bernard Baily (Pencils), Bernard Baily (Inks),

Character appearances:
Americommando [Tex Thomson]

Genre: war

Indexer notes:

writer credit by Jerry Bails via Craig Delich 5/05

The Fugitive

(Sequence 6 - Text Story , 2 pages)

Credits:
Eben Azuni (Script), no spot illos (Pencils), no spot illos (Inks),

Clouds of Crime

(Sequence 7 - Story , 8 pages)

Feature Story: Zatara

Credits:
Joseph Sulman? (Pencils), Joseph Sulman? (Inks),

Character appearances:
Zatara

Genre: occult

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